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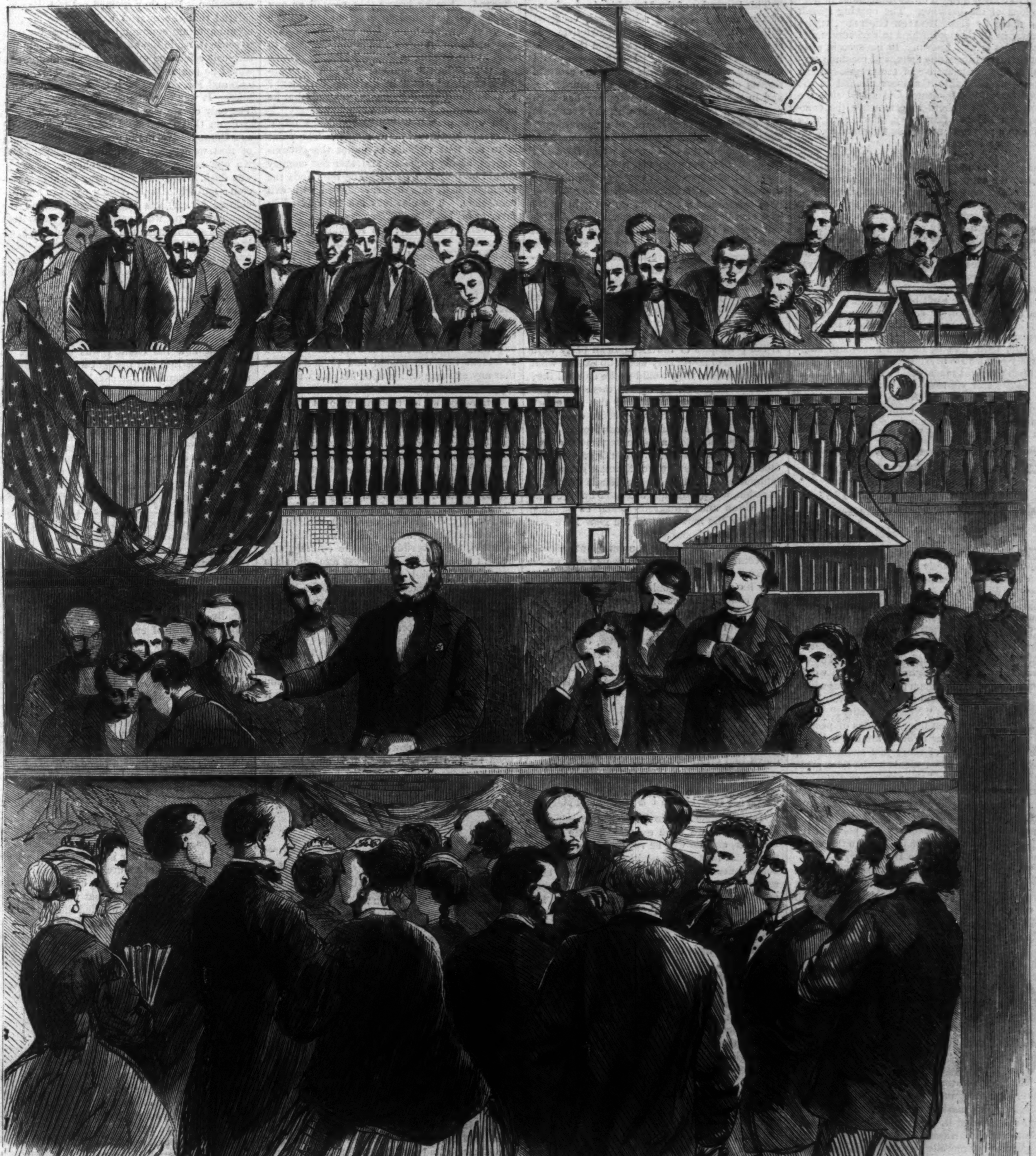


THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—HON. HORACE GREELEY DELIVERING THE OPENING ORATION.—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See next Page.]

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The American Institute was opened on Thursday, September 12, for its Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition—a display of American industry, ingenuity, and manufacture which is to last for a month. This institution is an industrial fair—what is known in other cities by the more definite name of Mechanics' Fair—and was among the first organized of the many such institutions which exist in all parts of the United States. Goods of every description, and articles belonging to almost every department of labor, are herein exhibited. It is impossible in our space to enumerate the variety of articles displayed, or even to name the various departments of industry which are represented. Among the most attractive objects are a pneumatic railway, which is a model of the one it was some time since proposed to build in this city; and a steam-carriage, which it is thought will eventually become a substitute for all horse vehicles, which it is believed can be run at the rate of ten miles an hour on a common road or on our roughest streets, and which will run for several hours without attention other than that of a driver or pilot.

Our view on the front page is intended to illustrate the opening scenes of the exhibition, rather than to convey an idea of the dimensions or decorations of the building. The opening speech was made by Hon. Horace Greeley, whose interest in all that appertains to agriculture and mechanics is well known. In his speech, after stating many interesting facts, and recalling several incidents illustrative of the progress of the arts mechanical, Mr. Greeley alluded to the prospects of the Institute, and stated that the members were "about to commence the erection of a Palace of Industry, which shall give place to a perpetual as well as to annual exhibitions—each better than the other. We pledge to it all our own savings of forty years, now amounting to nearly $200,000. We shall appeal to the capitalists, the property-owners, the successful inventors, artisans, artists, merchants, and mechanics of New York and of the country for generous contributions to the work. We hope to rear a stately edifice that will cover a block and embellish our whole city, at a cost of not less than $1,000,000. We mean to have therein galleries of art, lecture-rooms, conservatories, and, probably, exhibitions of models of inventions and machines from all parts of the world. When we shall be ready, when American art and industry shall have received due development, we mean to invite the world to a display of its choicest products; and on the 4th of July, 1876, that is, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of American liberty, we mean to open the most magnificent exhibition that the world has ever yet seen, and to invite the world to come and see what America has done and can do, and to place in competition with it all that has been done or can be done by the rival art and skill of the Old World."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 28, 1867.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE great truth for the people of this country to bear steadily in mind is, that the success of the Democratic party is hailed by all the enemies of the American Government and the American principle as their victory. If that party could now return to power the real result of the war would be indefinitely postponed, and our politics would continue to be a contest to settle the civil equality of all citizens. The old leaders, trained in the school of slavery, would renew the old debate upon the old policies which sprang from that fruitful root of iniquity. Even now their only cry is "Nigger equality!" In a country of more than thirty millions of people, of whom a scant four millions are colored, and the great majority of them just emancipated, the Democratic party appeals to the false pride and the prejudice and the passion of the white race to save the country in the name of Heaven from "nigger equality" and "nigger supremacy." It is as inexpressibly degrading and humiliating as every other cry and policy of the sullen feudal and reactionary spirit in this country which calls itself "the Democracy."

The conscious want of the country, of all the people and all the interests in it, is peace. But how shall peace be secured except by the will of the people as expressed in Congress? That will has defined the terms upon which the late rebel States may resume their places in the Union. The President insists that Congress has no right to declare terms, and that the rebels were entitled to be represented the moment they surrendered. The Democratic party supports his theory while it repudiates him personally. And the great fact, as we said, which every thoughtful citizen should remember, is that every act of the President and every success of the Democratic party stimulate the hopes of the rebels and prolong the confusion of the country.

The Democratic party, which had become merely a Propaganda of slavery, furnished the theories which masked the rebellion, the leaders who commanded it, the excuses which justified it, and the embarrassments which prolonged it. It was a party morally responsible for the war. Its method of avoiding it was submission to slavery. Its policy for ending it was a confession of conquest. Forced to use the phrases of loyalty, the party has nevertheless constantly betrayed its sympathies. Its recognized leaders in Pennsylvania, who are they? They are in the most comprehensive and offensive sense—Copperheads. In Ohio who are they? Vallandigham and Pendleton. In New York? The most notorious and malignant opponents of the war. In Kentucky? Mr. Helm, whom the Democrats had just elected Governor, and who died a fortnight since, was known only as a rebel sympathizer during the war. The New York *World*, the chief Copperhead paper in the city, hailed Helm's election as a great Democratic victory, notwithstanding he was opposed by a party of 12,000 organized Democrats, who hated Radicalism, but who also hated rebellion. The Kentucky War Democrats the *World* would not recognize. The success of the rebel sympathizers it hailed as a great Democratic victory. And the same *World*, upon the news of the California election, unable to restrain its real sympathies and feelings, cried out, "Read this handwriting on the wall, ye Disunionists, who have squandered a third of the nation's wealth, a million of its lives, who have substituted a military despotism for republican liberty in ten of the sovereign States of the Union," etc.

This is worthy of the Memphis *Avalanche*, or of the most malignant rebel sheet, veneered with the thinnest appearance of patriotism. It is the men of the loyal States whom the *World* brands as "Disunionists." It is those who would not wallow with the *World* before the scornful threats of the slave lords who are murderers, and in the Union, whose supremacy has been maintained by the terrible war, the States, in the opinion of the *World*, are "sovereign." This is the political gospel of the Democratic party. This is the vital heresy which furnished the excuse for the war; and the success of that party is the reopening of every question which the war seemed to have settled.

Is this desirable? What do we gain by it? The conscience and intelligence of the American people are represented by the dominant party—their ignorance, viciousness, and hatred of progressive free government by the Democratic party. We speak of parties, of course, not of individuals. Now intelligence and conscience may be apparently invisible for a time in public affairs, but they are the great forces, and they will heave the whole frame of society until they acquire their natural ascendency. If the principles of the Republican party were thrown out of power they would do exactly what they did before, they would shake us until they returned to power. Displace them now, and what have we gained? Will the hereditary apologist and ally of Slavery secure equal civil rights? Will the traditional assertor of State Sovereignty develop a noble sentiment of nationality? Will the pander to the grossest and most prejudiced ignorance stimulate general intelligence? And as for the details of administration, will the disciple of Floyd and Toucey and Cobb and Thompson teach us political honor, or the managers of the New York city Ring common honesty?

A party in power, like the dominant party of the country, is embarrassed by its sense of security. It will have whimseys and fancies. But its members should look straight at the great commanding common cause, the pacification of the country upon the principles of the war and of the Government. The quarrels of leaders, the issues of prohibition, or of whatever special projects, should be sternly disregarded in view of the necessity of the hour. Every good citizen should feel, as after the shot at Sumter, that every consideration must be subordinated to the salvation of the country; that that salvation can be secured only by rigorous organization, and that it can not be intrusted to those who first caused and then palliated that criminal assault.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTENTIONS.

The conduct of the President justifies the alarm which we have expressed. He means mischief, and he will be restrained only by his fears. A man in his position, who simultaneously defies his opponents and surrounds himself with those who are known to be his devoted adherents, is a man who intends to resist. His word, even if he gave it, could not be trusted. The law does not restrain him, for he denies the authority which makes it. The real situation at present is that the President asserts his will against the will of the people in Congress, and will probably try forcible conclusions with them.

The steps are easily seen. Congress passes a reconstruction law. It is full of holes, and the Attorney-General drives a six-columned opinion through it. Congress reassembles, and, although it has had the fullest experience of the treachery of the President and of its own inaccuracy, mends its law and then ties up its own hands for four months, as if there could be no defect in its supplementary law and the President were now to be the most long-suffering of saints. The moment Congress is gone and safely out of the way for the third of a year, the President and his accomplices discover the weakness of the law. This once plainly seen, the President acts. The Secretary of War is suspended. The Department General dearest to the people is removed and sent to fight the Indians. A proclamation, enjoining obedience to the civil authority, follows, and then comes the amnesty. The civil authority proclamation was incomplete without the amnesty. The amnesty is pointless without a farther measure.

This measure, of course, is the reopening of the registry for all the amnestied class. The amnestied persons indeed can be registered only in direct contravention of the act of Congress. But what is easier than for a Commander to look at the amnesty, and at the proclamation, and to say that he can not exclude from the registry those who are eligible? The President will have done nothing about it. The Commander will simply have exercised the discretion which General Grant advised General Sheridan to use. The State Convention will be held, the Constitution framed, and Congress will decline to receive it. The President will insist, and upon the persistence of Congress will in turn decline to recognize that body.

Or, again, suppose that the President directs the reopening of the registries, and the admission of those whom his amnesty restores. That would be a violation of the law of Congress. The President would be at once impeached and removed. But he knows that as well as any one, and, if he issued an order to reopen the lists, the conclusion would be inevitable either that he did not mean to permit Congress to meet at the Capitol to impeach him, or that he meant to resist the process. If he means nothing at all, why does he invite impeachment? If he invites impeachment, is it merely that he may be removed from office?

In what precise way actual violence might arise it is, however, idle to wonder. The point is to see that violence is, under the circumstances, highly probable, and that the country should be prepared for it. The time finds the President desperate and surrounded with evil counselors. The elections are interpreted in favor of his hostility to Congress. The Democrats carry California; the Republican vote is reduced in Maine; a Republican delegate to Congress is defeated in Montana. "It is approval of your policy," shouts the chorus to the President. And if equal suffrage should be defeated in Ohio; if the Copperhead candidate should be elected in Pennsylvania; if New York should falter at the polls, and even in Massachusetts the issue of prohibition should confuse our ranks—the same chorus would shout to the President that the people had repented, and that any extreme action upon his part would be supported by them.

Meanwhile we have no more doubt that the loyal people of the United States intend to secure the results of the war than we have that they fought it unconditionally to the end. The President will no more balk them than Beauregard's shot at Sumter balked them, or the Democratic shout for surrender at Chicago discouraged them. Let us only fully understand the situation. Let us see that the President deliberately defies Congress, and assumes to make his arbitrary will, which he calls the Constitution, the government of the country, and he will learn, as he did a year ago, what the people really think and feel. It is useless, therefore, to suppose that he "would hardly dare" to go so far. He will dare any thing if his courage is sustained, and that is sustained by Democratic successes. The Democratic party despises him, but it gladly uses him. Its revenge upon him for his vehement Unionism during the war is to try to make him the instrument to restore the spirit of the rebellion to power. The way to peace is now what it has been since the open rebellion of the slave power against the Government, and that is the total defeat of the party which cherishes the traditions of that power. And if peace has been for two years delayed it is only because the treachery of the Executive has constantly stimulated the hopes of that party. Had the President been faithful to the principle which elected him that principle would have reorganized the Union. He may still further delay, but he can not defeat, its final triumph.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Among the rumors with which the air is filled is that of the probable return of Mr. Charles Francis Adams to succeed Mr. Seward as Secretary of State. It is possibly a wholly unfounded report, but the fact that Mr. Adams's political position is now unknown, and that he is claimed as a supporter of the President, makes it worth while to consider for a moment the probability of the truth of such a claim. There was a time not many years ago when the liberal party of this country undoubtedly regarded Mr. Adams as a man who would probably fill other and higher offices than Representative in Congress and Minister in England. His conduct and words during the war inspired both confidence and admiration. His correspondence with Earl Russell certainly did not leave him in the light of a vanquished opponent, and his political future seemed assured.

Of a reserved and tranquil temperament, a political thinker and scholar, the Free-soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848, and the friend and coadjutor of the most advanced of the active politicians of his native State, it was yet not until he was a fully-matured man that he was elected to Congress and became an active part of the government in whose service his father and grandfather were so long conspicuous. The Congress which Mr. Adams entered was the last Congress before the war, and he was welcomed as one of the representative Republicans of the country. His chief speech during that eventful winter was very able. It was closely compacted, and thoroughly penetrated with the solemn conviction that tremendous trials were before us. But to the surprise of the country, while he declared that never with his assent should the flag of the United States become the banner of aggressive slavery, he yet expressed his willingness to leave to chance the freedom of a certain portion of the national territory.

The tone of the speech was that of Mr. Seward's in the Senate. It indicated a willingness to yield. Of course neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Seward meant to yield any real advantage. They meant to show a willingness to compromise, if compromise were possible upon unimportant points. Their object was to avoid the imputation upon their party of having obstinately refused even the appearance of the least concession. But they seemed not to have considered that the quarrel had gone so far that no unimportant compromise could possibly tend to settle it, while the offer to do what could not seriously affect the question was insulting, and would be contemptuously rejected. Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams both made the same mistake. It was too late to compromise a little. The only course was to persist or surrender.

From that moment Mr. Adams was classed as a Conservative, in the unpleasant significance of that word when applied to a Republican. No one accused him of treachery. The way was dark. A man might stray without suspicion; and when Mr. Lincoln came in and appointed Mr. Adams Minister to England the dominant party were satisfied, and knew that the true sentiment of the nation would be firmly and fully represented. How accurately they understood the ability of Mr. Adams we have already stated. When the contest between the people and the President began it was assumed that Mr. Adams, of course, sustained Congress. When the President belched his ribaldry upon a Senator and a Representative, and Mr. Seward telegraphed from New York to Washington that now the country was safe since its Chief Magistrate had brought a blush of indignation and shame to the cheek of every honorable and thoughtful man in it, every such man asked whether it were possible that Mr. Adams could understand the situation and what his feeling was. But Mr. Adams is a silent man, and there was no reply.

In the following summer, however, when the Presidential orgy reeled across the astounded land to Chicago, and Montgomery Blair went to Boston to prove to Massachusetts and New England that not the people in Congress, but Andrew Johnson, ought to settle the gravest national question we have ever encountered, it was the son of Charles Francis Adams who came forward and gave the emissary of the President the right hand of fellowship. That was all. Young Mr. Adams was not known in public affairs. His words and his acts were equally of no public importance. He had certainly the right of every citizen to hold and to express his opinions and his political sympathy. But when he gave his hand to Montgomery Blair in Faneuil Hall, every body asked whether he would have done it without his father's knowledge and approval.

Since that time we have heard nothing of Mr. Adams—not even through Mr. George W. M'Cracken—until the sudden rumor in the worst days of Mr. Johnson's administration that he is likely to have a place in the Cabinet. If it could be supposed that he would go into that Cabinet as Mr. Stanton was in it, as General Grant is in it, we should all cry Amen. But to go into it as Mr. Seward is in it—! That seems to us, we confess, impossible. The illustrious name which he has inherited Mr. Adams has still further illustrated. His public service has been pure and patriotic. He is nobly associated with the early movements which have ended in the great victory of liberty. We have plainly mentioned the facts which serve to indicate his probable present position. But we shall believe that absence has prevented his just conception of the situation, and that he can not sully his name by associating it approvingly with the deplorable administration of Andrew Johnson until he himself compels us to confess our error.

MAINE AND CALIFORNIA.

If the Republicans in California had not been notoriously divided, and if the Maine election had not turned upon the prohibitory liquor question, the result in those States might fairly be claimed as the beginning of a reaction. The Democracy have indeed brought out their largest wooden guns, and have announced with the utmost satisfaction that the people at last begin to long for the good old glorious days of Pierce, Buchanan, and the Southern oligarchy. But their loud salvos over these elections are but an energetic kind of whistling to keep up courage. For it is plain that if the question of reconstruction is finally settled by the party which believed in the war, and brought it to a successful end, the Democratic party will be wholly demoralized.

We do not deny that the result in California is cheering to the Democrats and the unreconstructed rebels, while it gives us the disadvantages of the depression which always accompanies defeat. Nor do we deny that parties perish from disintegration as well as from open and triumphant assault. If, as was undoubtedly the case in California, corrupt influences succeed in nominating candidates, no feeling of the necessity of party organization can save, or ought to save, a party. This is especially true of the Union Republican party, for its chief ends could not be secured by corrupt agencies. Corruption, universal and profound, if it exists in a party, is not one of the minor and episodical issues which we claimed last week should be sacrificed to the great cause to which a party may be devoted. While, therefore, every truly patriotic man must deplore the result in California, which gratifies only virtual rebels and their allies and apologists, let him not misunderstand it. The responsibility of defeat rests with those leaders who served personal and corrupt interests instead of the general good of the cause. The heart of the people of that State is unchanged; and, although the late election makes success more difficult to the Union party at the next trial, there is no reason to doubt that in the serious crisis which has fallen upon us they will be as true as ever.

In Maine our friends evidently supposed that they could indulge all kinds of private differences. The result has probably shown them that until they are ready to surrender to the united enemy in front they must fight only upon the great and real issues. It is unquestionably true that eight if not nine tenths of the strictest temperance men are also Republicans. But to make a prohibitory law the issue of a party campaign is to divide our own ranks and to do nothing else. Prohibition is not a measure of the party. If it could be made such to-day, the Republican Union party would inevitably dwindle, and the Democrats and the President would have their own way to-morrow. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, for instance, is not a prohibitionist; but is there any truer or more representative Republican in the country?

It is unwise, and it is certainly ungenerous, while the national interests demand as much as they ever did the united action of all loyal, liberty-loving men whether they are prohibitionists or not, to insist upon making prohibition a party issue. Would it be any satisfaction to any man in Maine who is as sincerely a Republican as he is prohibitionist, that his insistence upon his scheme might paralyze the party in every State, and bring into power not only the President with his perilous policy, but the party which is the sworn foe of any prohibitory law? The case is clear. If the prohibitionists hope to carry their point by the agency of any existing party, it must be by the Republican. If, however, they hope nothing of present parties, do they think the necessity of carrying their point so paramount that to reach it the country may be abandoned to the party of Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, and Andrew Johnson? That is the practical question. Let every prohibitionist contemplate the situation of the country and answer.

THE CANALS IN THE CONVENTION.

The debate upon the Canal question in the Convention of New York has been very long and very interesting. It had been anticipated as one of the most vital and important of the questions to be decided, and the presence of many noted friends of the canals as delegates in the Convention, and among them the son of De Witt Clinton, gave it peculiar significance.

At the opening of the Convention there was a vigorous debate whether there should be a committee upon the canals and one upon finance, or whether, considering their necessarily intimate relation, there should be a division, leaving the question of enlargement to the finance committee and committing the subject of general management to another body. It was decided to appoint a committee upon canals and one upon finance. Mr. Sanford E. Church, formerly Lieutenant-Governor and Controller, and a Democrat, was made chairman of the finance committee, and Mr. Eldridge G. Lapham, an able lawyer of Canandaigua, was placed at the head of the committee upon canals. Both committees reported, and the reports were ordered to be considered together. Mr. Church proposed substantially that the canals, as they now are, should be kept in repair for ten years, and should then be enlarged if the people of the State by special vote should so decide. Mr. Lapham proposed that the work of enlargement should begin next year at a cost of not more than $8,000,000.

The debate opened upon a motion to substitute Mr. Lapham's plan for Mr. Church's. The question depended, of course, upon the settlement of one point, whether the canal was at present inadequate to do the work required of it. Is there a diversion of trade into other channels because of insufficient accommodation? It was certainly a most instructive debate. The speakers considered it from every point, both of broad and general consideration and of the utmost nicety of detail. The discussion ranged from the possible future transport across this continent of the produce of China and Japan down to the breadth of a canal-boat, and the possibility of two barges passing in a canal curve. But the confusing fact, early apparent, was that there were no facts—that is to say, no conceded facts. One careful report, based upon accurate examination, contradicted another careful report based upon equally accurate examination. There was indeed but a single point upon which all agreed—namely, that the canal must be retained by the State and enlarged—if necessary.

But it was also early felt that the proposition of both committees was too inflexible. That of Mr. Church directly imperiled the prosperity of the State by establishing a *status quo* for ten years. That of Mr. Lapham bound the State, already heavily taxed, to an immediate additional burden, possibly without actual necessity; and it is probable that the people of the State would prefer what Mr. T. W. Dwight called a more flexible system.

The debate was unusually warm, and developed some party feeling. Mr. Church was vehement, Mr. Lapham was forcible. There were political reminiscences revived with more ardor than wisdom by some of Mr. Lapham's opponents; but it was very clear that the canal policy of the State is not likely to be determined by its opponents.

GOLD AS A BAROMETER.

In the early spring, when divers schemes, including that of the Secretary of the Treasury, were offered for the satisfactory adjustment of the national finances, this journal assumed that the chief impediment in the way of an early resumption of specie payments and a return to the even tenor of the olden time was our political troubles: these more than mere casual errors of financial policy. We do not perceive that the condition of the country has improved much since. The same disorders continue to press like an incubus upon all our material interests; the alarm and mistrust which were early engendered by the reckless course of wayward officials and unscrupulous politicians have measurably increased. The future has scarcely seemed so painfully uncertain at any previous period as it does to-day.

It has been truthfully asserted that the Gold Room is the infallible barometer of the political atmosphere. The recent extraordinary advance in the price of gold indicates an unusual disturbance of the public mind. It had come to accept the premium of 30 to 40 per cent. as a sort of fixed rate for the present, and business adjusted itself thereto, after a long and laborious effort. It could not reasonably look for a decline much below such rate until time should remove existing difficulties; but it was less prepared for an advance to a figure that recalled to mind vexed periods which all hoped had passed forever. Trade can not remain long unaffected by an increased rate of premium which reduces our paper dollar to about two-thirds of its apparent value. It is true that the market has declined some 2½ per cent. from the highest point reached a few days ago; but unless the causes which produced the derangement cease to operate, we must expect the premium to advance again and the natural consequences to follow. As it is, the country has already suffered beyond calculation. To impair confidence is to strike at the root of enterprise and prosperity. To excite political disturbance is to retard the work of reconstruction. To provoke or promote revolutionary schemes is to invite further conflict.

When the public mind becomes imbued with the apprehension that such contingencies are possible, it is susceptible to the slightest influences, and but small occasion produces a panic. It is to be deplored that persons in high authority should be so short-sighted as to institute ill-advised measures whose only effect is to interrupt the smoothly-flowing course of general adjustment. Injudicious action, even though in itself intrinsically right, may be more baleful than unconstitutional action. All measures which are ascertained to be injudicious should be abandoned. We start with the premises that if our domestic difficulties were settled, a resumption of specie payments would soon be practicable, and our burdens would sensibly diminish; hence, any course of action that tends to increase or complicate our difficulties interferes with the final and speedy settlement. President Johnson learned, long ago, that his measures did the South no benefit, while they only incensed Congress and kept the country in a turmoil. He is therefore blameworthy for persisting in his efforts to oppose the Congressional plan, which, whatever its merits, seemed to enjoy the approval of a majority of the people.

It is not probable that the public sense of insecurity will abate until after the October elections and the convening of Congress in November. It may be that some mischief-makers, who only await a favorable opportunity, may be encouraged by the course of events to spur the President on to revolutionary schemes. However, come what will, the coming elections will doubtless be contested upon direct party issues. We have small fear of the result, although there is especial need of watchfulness and earnest action. What we chiefly regret is the temporary obstruction to reconstruction, and the derangement of business which must afflict the country so long as existing difficulties remain unsettled. To remove those obstructions should be the aim of every true patriot, and of every business man who desires the return of commercial prosperity.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

"It is estimated that three hundred million dollars are expended annually in this country for dry goods, which must then be transformed by human industry into articles of dress." So says the announcement of *Harper's Bazar*; and you have only to step into the street, to make a short journey any where into the country, to observe life in every direction all around us, to know how universal is the domestic industry which is engaged in that work of transformation.

But this country is unlike all others in the universality of obedience to fashion. There are no class costumes; no traditional costumes. You may go from a New York drawing-room to a Minnesota farm and you will find that the fashion has gone before you. The daughters of Wisconsin dress in the same general way with the daughters of Wall Street. The reason is the general equality of condition, the rapid equalization of intelligence, and the constant personal communication of all parts of the country.

Harper's Bazar, a new weekly paper, is intended to give system to this communication and precision to this intelligence. It proposes to enable the daughters and sons and grandparents of Iowa and Florida and California and New England to know the fashions almost as soon as they are known in Paris and Berlin. The most famous of all authorities upon the subject is the *Berlin Bazar*, which supplies information to the chief fashion journals of Paris, and with this *Bazar* arrangements have been made which will give the American publishers the fashions in advance. Nor is it merely with the most technically fashionable forms and material that the frequenters of *Harper's Bazar* will be furnished, but with plain and practical instructions for the cutting and making of all kinds of garments for every age and sex. The *Bazar* will furnish also the most elaborate pattern plates of bonnets, dresses, cloaks, etc., with the occasional large colored fashion plates of the size of *Harper's Weekly*. The plainest directions will accompany every drawing.

Besides this, the *Bazar* will offer such a variety of pleasant and valuable papers upon all kinds of domestic morals, amusements, manners, education, art—such simple and careful suggestions upon domestic economy, cooking, gardening, housekeeping, management of children, with literary papers, reviews, and general gossip, that it may be well called the Household Friend. Upon this *Bazar* no sectarian dispute or political difference will be suffered to intrude. There will be only the agreeable murmur of domestic and social interests and duties; and to this *Bazar*, in which the universal taste and curiosity will be gratified, the admittance is to be ten cents for a single ticket, or copy, and four dollars a year.

PARTY PURITY.

The Albany *Argus*, in summoning the Democracy of New York to their State Convention, says: "We should make the contrast as strong as possible in the integrity of our standard-bearers as compared with the corruption, the utter rottenness that has characterized our State officials for a few years past.

If the Democratic party any where at any time have nominated or elected more incorruptible State officers than the present Secretary of State, Controller, Treasurer, and Attorney-General of New York we do not know them. And we hope sincerely that the Republican Convention at Syracuse will not justify the insinuation of the *Argus* by refusing to renominate the men of unstained reputation who have served the State faithfully and ably.

By way of preserving the Democratic traditions of official integrity, we suggest to the Democracy to decorate the hall of their Convention with portraits of those distinguished and historical Democrats, the scrupulous Swartwout, the honest Floyd, the faithful Thompson. If there is any pure farce in our politics it is the Democratic party attitudinizing, like the hypocrite in the picture, as a "high old moral party."

LAW OF COMPENSATION.

According to Paley, when there is a defect in one part something is supplied in another. If the elephant, by reason of the shortness of his neck, can not put his mouth to the ground, the trunk performs all the functions of an arm and hand, which is a compensating mechanical arrangement that precisely meets all the circumstances of elephantine life. This same extraordinary system of compensation is exhibited in a prominent manner in the giraffe. It feeds on tender twigs and leaves, high up in the trees, and to enable it to seize and hold on to them the tongue is capable of prodigious elongation and contraction. Cranes, which actually fish for a living, have no webbed feet for swimming, but with their extremely long legs they can quietly wade about in marshes and still water, making agreeable selections of food, without at all wetting their bodies. Owls seek prey by night, and consequently are provided with eyes on the principle of a dark-lantern. The reflected rays of light, however feeble, are thrown upon the object, while the owl is unseen by the victim. But when the sun rises the intensity of its rays would soon make all the owls on the continent stone-blind, were it not for a third eyelid—*membrana nictitans*, which enables them to see as we see through ground glass, and thus their delicate organs are preserved intact. This is compensation, and in so marked a form, it would be idle to attempt proving it was accidental. It is as much an exhibition of Divine Wisdom as the economy of the starry heavens.

LITERARY.

Little Brother, and other Genre-Pictures. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. One would hardly suppose from any internal evidence that the three genial boy-pictures, with their back-ground of keen satire, embodied in this volume, were written by the man whose "Hasheesh Eater"—a chapter wrought out of his own life—contains passages worthy to stand by the side of the best in De Quincey's "Opium Eater," and the still more thrilling account of the life-and-death struggles of an opium eater, in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Ludlow, more than any other whom we can name, enters into the very heart of boy-nature: not the model good boy or the typical bad boy of Sunday-school books, the former of whom is sure to die young, and the latter, if he escapes drowning while swimming on a Sunday, is as surely fated to State prison or the gallows—but the real actual flesh-and-blood boy, with his quaint, loving, naughty, impish ways, the delight, and sometimes the torment, of father, mother, and sisters. The remaining story, "Fleeing from Tarshish," is of quite different character, and notwithstanding its power and vitality, we could have wished that it had been reserved for another collection, and its place here have been supplied by "The Cruise of the Two Deacons," or some other out of a dozen stories, fresh in our recollection, with which Mr. Ludlow has enriched the periodical literature of the day. (Published by Lee and Shepherd.)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, thinks (September 16) that there will be no impeachment of the President, on account of the divisions among the Republican members of Congress.

The result of registration in twenty-nine counties in Mississippi shows that 28,923 whites and 31,542 blacks had registered as voters. In South Carolina the lists on September 10 footed up as follows: whites, 18,399; blacks, 42,532; and the Charleston *Mercury* admitted that the blacks would probably carry six districts out of the seven throughout the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

An explosion of a most frightful nature occurred in this city in the three-story brick building No. 258 West Twenty-eighth Street on September 9. A boiler used in the building, which is occupied as a turning and scroll-sawing establishment, exploded with a tremendous report, hurling bricks, timbers, and rubbish high in the air and demolishing the rear of the workshop, and also that of a building fronting on Twenty-seventh Street. The engineer and fireman were killed, and several of the workmen badly injured. The boiler was thrown by the force of the explosion about three hundred feet into the air, and in descending struck the rear of house No. 308 West Twenty-eight Street, occupied as a residence by Mr. S. Hausman, and passed through to the basement story. In passing through the building it made a clean sweep of every thing from the roof to the basement, making a sort of well or hatchway down through the building of about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The entire southerly wall of the premises was demolished, and the heavy timbers of the floors wrenched off or snapped in twain as though they were plasterer's laths. Two children of Mr. Hauseman were killed; and two of his servants badly injured.

An election took place in Richmond, Virginia, on September 16, in which the negroes took part for the first time in that State. The question was on subscribing $2,000,000 to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal; it was carried by two thousand majority, chiefly by the vote of the colored men.

The Democrats have carried the elections in the Territory of Montana.

The engineer of the projected bridge over the East River states that the bridge will terminate at Chatham Square, in New York, and near Fulton ferry, in Brooklyn. Its total length will be 5862 feet, and the centre span will be 160 feet above high-water-mark. The total cost of the structure is estimated in minute figures at $6,675,537, and it will permit of the transportation of five hundred thousand persons over it daily.

There is now employed in Life, Accident, and Casualty Insurance in the United States $114,763,233 82 of capital; 433,755 policies are in force, and the amount insured is $1,195,583,205 11.

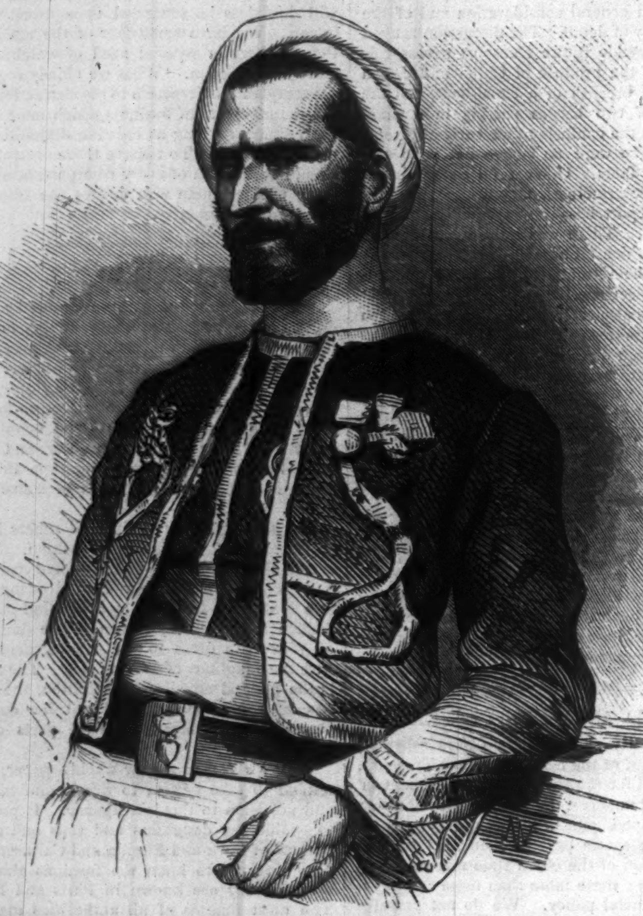
FOREIGN NEWS.

In opening the North German Parliament, on September 10, the King of Prussia assured the members that the work of the session would be a work of peace and reform.

The Pope of Rome has called or resolved to call a general council of the primates, archbishops, bishops, cardinals, heads of orders, and other dignitaries of the Church. The principal subject to be discussed is as to the point to which the Pope shall emigrate when Garibaldi occupies Rome.

The Italian Government, determined not to have the treaty of 1866 overthrown, threatens to commence legal proceedings against Garibaldi if he persists in his preparations for attacking Rome.

THE ZOUAVE MIRACLE-WORKER.



THE FRENCH ZOUAVE JACOB, THE MIRACLE-WORKER.

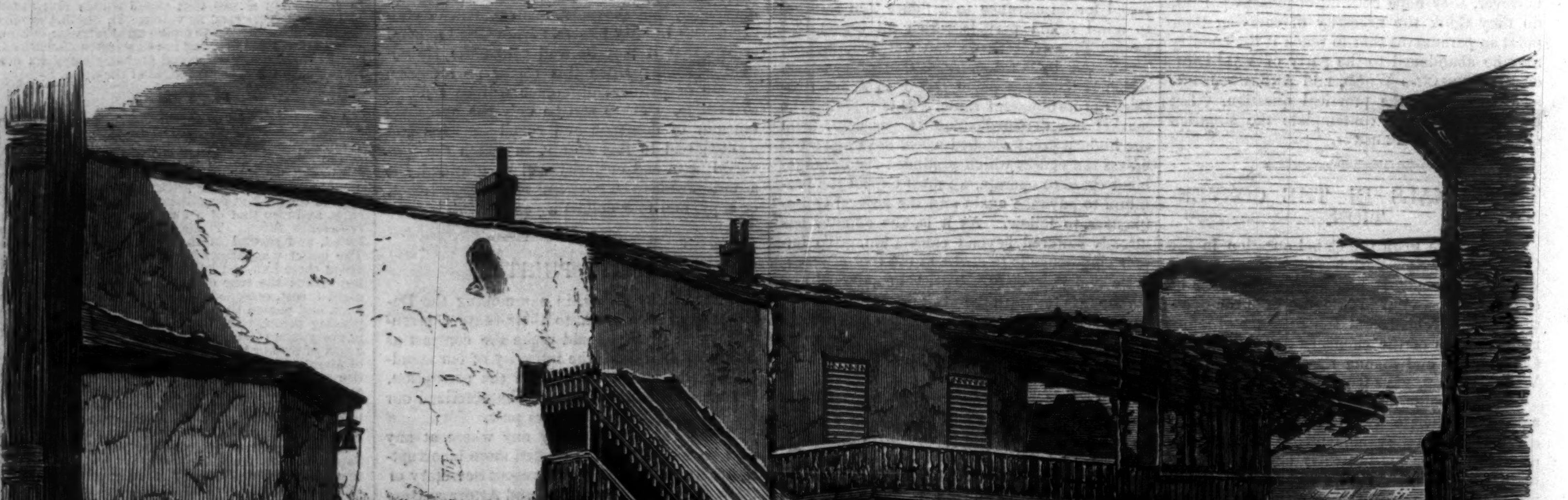
ONE of the lions of the day in Paris is a certain trombonist of the band of the Zouave Guard named JACOB, who is reputed to cure all diseases by the mere agency of his will. The halt, the blind, the deaf, the palsied, the sick, and the dying went to him, before the Government stopped him, in actual mobs, and came away, it is asserted, whole and well, without taking any medicine, or submitting to any surgical operation. The court-yard of No. 80 Rue de la Roquette, where he worked his miracles, bade fair for a time to rival the famous Cemetery of St. Médard. There was to be daily seen there almost as great a crowd of carriages and pedestrians as were to be seen in the same neighborhood when a criminal was to be guillotined. Two hours before the arrival of the Zouave the court was thronged with invalids, sitting, standing, and lying, who beguiled the time spent in waiting by relating stories of his cures. A score of policemen were always on hand to keep order. As the cured came out they were greeted with cheers by the spectators, many of whom would climb to the tops of the houses to get a nearer view.

The manner in which his cures were effected and his miracles worked is thus described by a correspondent of the Birmingham (England) *Gazette*, and, as the story of an eye-witness, is well worth perusal. He writes:

> The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered, pell-mell, into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Sonnambula before entering completely into trance—the only difference being in the intense light shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amidst the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father, going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savoring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and after examining him for a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed: "I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He shook from head to foot, like the aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk!" The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar-woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave JACOB had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. "Oh, how *can* I move without my crutches?" and, having turned a yearning look toward the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet or inspired seer was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two among the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. "Be off; don't stand shilly-shally. You are cured, ain't you?—that's enough—now *pietiez moi le camp!*" In plain English, "Cut your stick, and begone!" Before leaving the room I turned to look at the single patient whose case JACOB had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure—the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was a hang-dog countenance—worse than any I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear which it conveyed was unmistakable. His feet were paralyzed likewise and twined outward. The Zouave's father searched among the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked with inquiring glance toward the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared, supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.

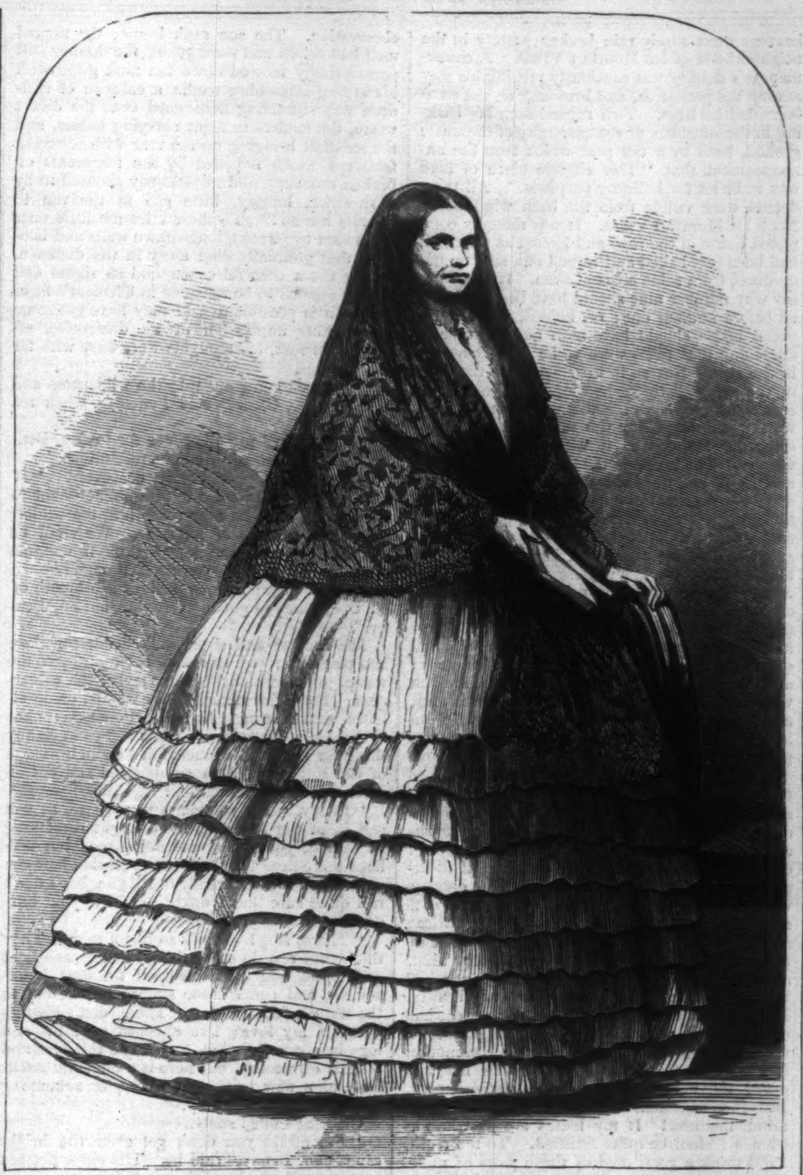
A certain Count DE CHATEAUVILLARD has certified in the *Petite Presse* that he has been cured by JACOB, of a paralysis of long standing; through gratitude for which he has offered him part of his château wherein to work his cures.

This and all other stories of his success are to be received with many grains of allowance. Public rumor credited him with having cured the Prince Imperial of scrofula, and the Marshal FOREY of a palsy of long standing; but Aid-de-camp MAR, of General FOREY's staff, in a letter to the *Petite Presse*, emphatically contradicts the one, and the Government has repudiated the other rumor by interdicting the exhibitions in the Rue de la Roquette. General DE LA PEYROUSE, a French soldier, who has been suffering from a cruel malady—palsy, we suppose, though it is not so stated—walked, or rather dragged, himself to the quarters of the Zouave, and was carried into his presence, but came away complaining of being "very tired, and not cured." Several failures of this sort had somewhat impaired the reputation of the Zouave, but his quarters were crowded continually, in the manner illustrated in our engraving, until his performances were interdicted by the Government.



SCENES AROUND THE QUARTERS OF THE MIRACLE-WORKER AT PARIS.

QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.



QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.

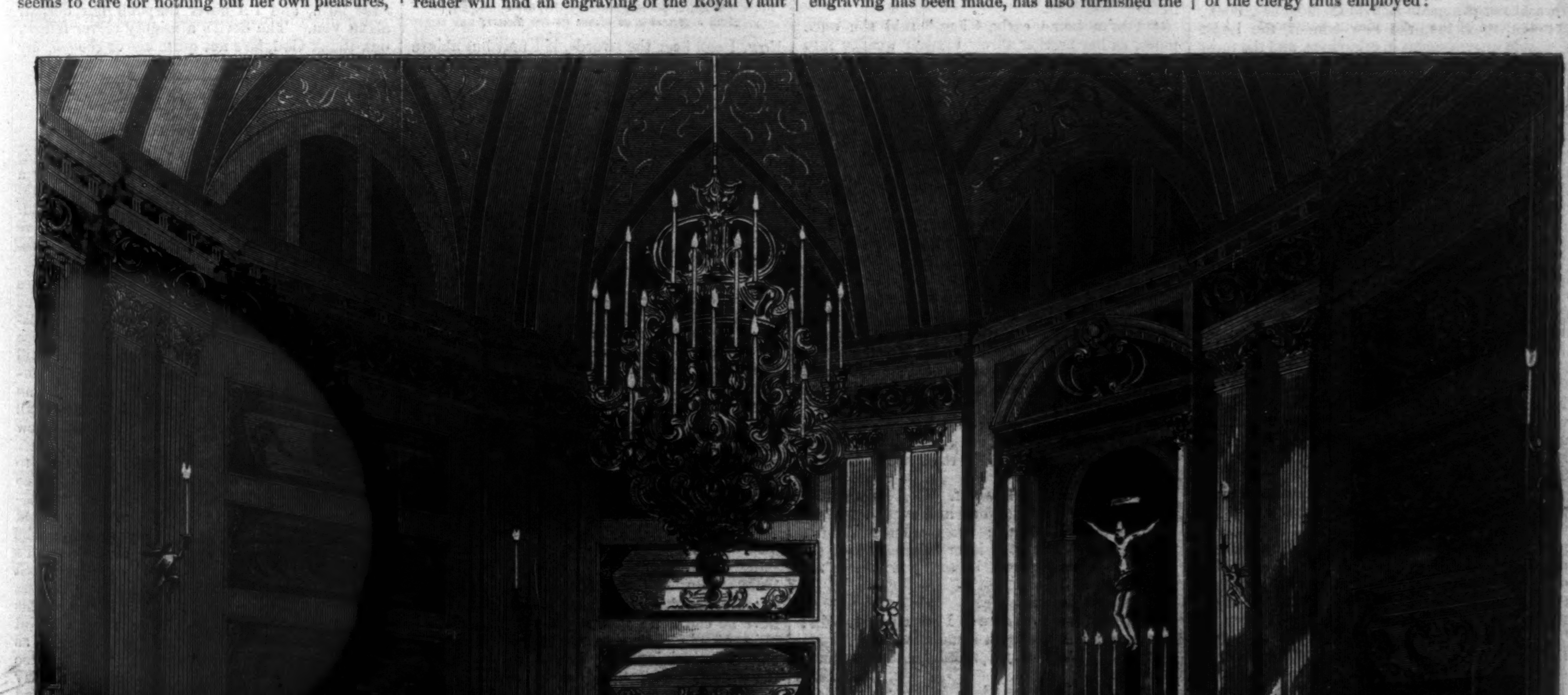
The "last of the Bourbons" appears to be in a bad way in her dominion of Spain. The reign, which began in a long civil war thirty-four years ago, promises to end in the same bloody manner, or else it is to be sustained at the cost of more blood. The revolution which has for the second time broken out, now promises to be, if not successful, at least very formidable; and the rebels, under the able leadership of General Don Juan Prim, Count of Reuss, have been gaining numbers and territory ever since the uprising of a month ago in Salamanca. The city of Salamanca, an important position, with a population of 15,000 inhabitants, and controlling a province which has a population of 240,000 souls, and distant only about 100 miles from Madrid, has fallen into Prim's hands. The rebel forces have advanced from the direction of the Portugal frontier, and it is supposed that they are aided by Luis I. of that kingdom. The family of the King of Portugal is connected with that of Don Carlos, the pretender to the crown of Spain; and his son, the present pretender, is a cousin of the Queen of Portugal, and finds a home in that kingdom. Louis Napoleon has been suspected of a desire to carry out his favorite idea of the unity of the Latin race by putting an end to the Bourbon dynasty in Spain; and it is believed that he is also aiding and abetting General Prim.

The world in general, and Spain in particular, would lose little if Isabella II. should indeed prove the "last of the Bourbons." She is now the only sovereign of that race on any of the thrones of Europe. She was born at Madrid on October 30, 1830, and on the death of her father, Ferdinand VII., in 1833, was proclaimed Queen, and her mother, the profligate Maria Christina, of the Two Sicilies, was announced as Regent. By the law of Spain the succession should have devolved on the brother of the King, Don Carlos, and not on the daughter. Don Carlos, the rightful heir, went to war for the throne; his followers, who became known as Carlists, continued in arms for six years. Carlos was supported by the clergy; Christina promised a constitutional government to the people, and thus succeeded in obtaining the support of the Liberals. Carlos was defeated and exiled as a pretender; and Isabella became firmly seated on the throne. The war of six years had developed and raised to great power a general named Espartero, and when peace was concluded he took possession of the government, refused the promised Constitution to the people, declared himself Regent, seized the person of young Isabella, and banished her mother. Espartero was overthrown in 1843, and the queen-mother returned to Madrid, but to find her daughter declared of age and crowned Queen by the Cortes. She remained in Spain until 1854, when Generals O'Donnell and Dulce headed an insurrection, seized the capital and Queen, and banished the queen-mother to France. O'Donnell fell from power in 1856, succeeded in regaining it in 1858, and now controls the kingdom. Isabella has little real power, and seems to care for nothing but her own pleasures, and has made for herself a very bad reputation.

Accompanying her portrait on this page the reader will find an engraving of the Royal Vault in the Escorial, at the village of El Escorial, near Madrid. Mr. J. D. Sherwood, who furnished the original photograph from which our engraving has been made, has also furnished the following interesting description of the Escorial and the Royal Vault or Tomb:

"Leaving our trunks at the station and entering the omnibus, drawn by four large mules, we were soon trotting up the steep road that leads to that world-renowned wonder, that stone illustration of the cold, gloomy character of Philip II., its founder—that Convent, Tomb, and Palace combined—the Escorial. It is a granite edifice of an architecture altogether unique. It was built in 1565–'84 in pursuance of a vow made by Philip II. at the battle of St. Quintin, fought on the 10th day of August, 1557. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west; covers 500,000 square feet, and cost $15,000,000. Grouped around, or rather on the south side of this huge mountain of granite, is the village of the Escorial, containing some 1800 people, an unnatural growth resulting from the brief and capricious residence of the Court here in former days. It is now deserted by the lascivious Queen, who comes here but once a year for a day or two to say high mass in the tomb to which she must soon descend.

"The first sensation which strikes one on gazing at the huge granite sides, dome, and towers of the Palace is as to its vastness, quickly followed by its twin impression of austere severity; and over both and overmastering them comes a feeling expressed by the exclamation, 'What a stupendous folly!' The riddle of the life and character of Philip II. is here condensed; his superstition, monkish austerity, proud and haughty ambition, and his sullen, stern, granite coldness and ascetic gloom. The enormous pile stands upon a platform paved with stones, around which some 50 feet from the edifice a wall runs. The interior of the church is simple, severe, grand; its vast proportions 320 feet long by 230 wide, its majestic dome soaring to the height of 320 feet, the massive pillars supporting the dome, all of granite, strike, arrest, and please. Obtaining a guide we descended by a stairway, lined on each side and over head by pale and polished slabs of porphyry; we soon stood in the famed Pantheon or Royal Vault, in the very centre of the Escorial, 30 feet below ground, and immediately beneath the high altar, so placed by order of Philip that masses might be daily said over his body. It is of an octagonal form, all of jasper and polished marbles, 36 feet in diameter and 38 in height, its sides occupied by niches of the same size, and each containing a bronze coffin. The coffins on the right of the altar contain the kings, those on the left the queens, and they are piled one above the other in formal rows of three tiers. 'Ashes and nothing,' here lie all the kings and queens of Spain, from Charles V. to the present time, excepting Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. There are six unfilled coffins, one of which is pointed out as the future one of the present queen, who, as I have said, once a year, leaves her profligacies and crimes, descends to this royal chamber and hears a midnight mass. The engraving represents the tomb at the time of such a ceremony. 17,538 masses are required to be said *daily* over these lifeless bodies, and funds are provided by taxation for the purpose of paying the expenses of the clergy thus employed!"



PANTHEON OR ROYAL VAULT OF THE ESCORIAL, SPAIN.

APPEARANCE.

WHEN poverty our comfort screws,
Part with whatever else we choose,
What from no motive must we lose?
Appearance!

What chills the heart to pleasure strung,
And binds the childish prattling tongue,
Making old people of the young?
Appearance!

When the bell tolls the hour of prayer,
With measured tread and solemn air,
What brings, alas! too many there?
Appearance!

What makes the empty fool deemed wise?
What virtue's vacant place supplies,
Winning soft looks from dove-like eyes?
Appearance!

Yet though the vain world's favorite,
From what does He who dwells in light
Avert in righteous wrath His sight?
Appearance!

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book V.

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

IT is in the early part of the London season, and the weather is bright and warm. Cautious people, who habitually distrust our perfidious climate, have ventured to assume light clothing adapted for summer wear. The watering-carts leave tracks of black mud down the middle of West-End thoroughfares, and splash the margin of the hot pavements with showers that raise an odor as of tons of damp slate-pencil. The draggled fringe of suburb that hangs upon the trailing skirt of the great city bursts into patches of dust-laden green behind the monotonously ugly iron railings, or the blackened brick walls that shelter "villa residences" from the profane vulgar. The profane vulgar, however, is very hard to shut out effectually. Even in the genteelest parts of the suburbs little grimy hands are thrust between iron rails to seize rich sprays of lilac or the gold laburnum blossom, and little grimy faces, pinched, pallid, and vicious, light and flush into something like childhood as they bury themselves in the fragrant, ill-gotten posies.

On miles and miles of wooden hoarding glare great bills, bearing, in gigantic characters, the most heterogeneous announcements addressed to all classes of the public. Blue letters on a white ground, red letters on a yellow ground, black letters on every imaginable colored ground, setting forth such varied luxuries and attractions for body and mind, and such infallible panaceas for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," as might, one would think, suffice to make a terrestrial Paradise of the great Babylon. The new book, the new medicine, the new bonnet, the latest scientific improvement in crinolines, and the most approved food for cattle, combining a minimum of price with a maximum of nourishment, appeal to the passer-by, side by side, in curious juxtaposition. Nor are there wanting appeals of a higher character. There is a monster meeting at Exeter Hall for the conversion and enlightenment of—every body who happens to differ on certain topics from the amiably-intentioned chairman and committee of that particular society. There is high mass, with a sermon in Italian by a cardinal, and a full band and staff of "eminent vocalists" from the two great Opera-houses. One especially conspicuous announcement flares in rainbow hues from wall and hoarding. It is the poster of the Royal Thespian Theatre. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" repeated over and over again in every imaginable type and color. "The new actress! Great and legitimate success! Crowded houses! Free list entirely suspended! Miss M. A. Bell will repeat the character of Juliet every evening until further notice; supported by Mr. Alaric Allen as Mercutio, and the company of the Royal Thespian Theatre!"

Hundreds, thousands of busy men and women passed the gaudy announcement every day. It was difficult to avoid seeing it; so it is to be supposed that the passers-by saw it. But its purport probably did not penetrate to the "mind's eye" of ten per cent. out of those whose outward sense perceived it. But of all the crowds of human beings who hurried or sauntered past the Thespian poster that brightened the neighborhood of the Great Northern Railway station, on one sunny afternoon at the beginning of June, 18—, one individual at least did stop before it, stood gazing at it a sufficient time to have not only read, but spelled, every word it contained, and, having once moved to go, turned, and stood, and gazed again, and finally moved away dreamily up the resounding slope of Pentonville, that vibrates to the rattle of wheels all through the weary day. Up the slope of Pentonville went this individual; a young man with a grave, sad face, and dressed in sober mourning garments. When he reached the top of the hill that overlooks a dusky realm of house-tops looming through the smoke and mist, he turned to the left, past the White Conduit House toward Barnsbury. He then walked more briskly for some distance, until he came to a small newly-built house, covered with buff stucco, that made it look as though it were made of pie-crust. The adjoining house on either side of it was unfinished. The houses over the way were unfinished. Behind it stretched a barren waste partially overgrown with rank grass, and plentifully bestrewn with fragments of broken pottery. It gave one the idea that the heavens must surely rain broken pottery in the neighborhood of De Montfort Villas. A costermonger's donkey was cautiously picking his way among the potsherds, and browsing on the soot-incrusted herbage. Two ragged men lay basking in the sunshine, at the extremity of the waste ground, hard by a tall post which bore the announcement that "This eligible piece of land was to be let for building purposes." All these details were visible from the back windows of No. 9 De Montfort Villas. It was the only completed house of the row, and looked as though it had been just baked and turned out, slightly underdone, from some colossal oven. It is hard to say why number nine should have been completed before number one; or, indeed, why this especial house should have been number nine at all, seeing that there were to be but six houses in the row. But so it was. And at the door of the house distinguished for some inscrutable reason as number nine the young man whom we saw contemplating the rainbow-hued poster stopped. He opened it with a latch-key and went in. The inside of the little house was clean and fresh, but wore the same aspect of underdone newness as the outside. The young man hung his hat upon a hook in the passage, and entered a little back-parlor. The room is tenanted by two ladies. Both look up as he enters. Surely we know those faces spite of the change that the last few months have made in each. That of the elder lady is still round and plump, but it bears traces of trouble on its formerly placid surface. The mouth is drawn, and quivers nervously in any surprise or emotion; and the eyes are sunken, and their orbits swollen with much crying. The younger woman is thin, and very pale, but as she raises her head from her work there is no mistaking that resolute, projecting chin, those steel-bright glittering eyes.

"You're home early, Clem," says Penelope Charlewood, for she it is. The rich, trailing, silken robes, and massive, costly ornaments that distinguished her attire in the old prosperous days, have been exchanged for a plain, almost coarse, black gown, neat and whole, but ill-fitting, and evidently home-made. The delicate white collar and cuffs at her throat and wrists are the only remnants of luxury in her attire; and her hands, busy with some needle-work of the most uncompromisingly ugly and useful kind, show traces of hard labor. Penelope had had handsome, fair hands, almost her only beauty. From the very beginning of their poverty she had exposed them unflinchingly to the roughest business she could find for them to do. Her mother had once or twice remonstrated with her, and urged the needlessness of such disfigurement. But Penelope had answered stoutly, "Never mind, mamma! If my hands are as white as Clem's I shall be quite satisfied. To tell truth, I did think a good deal of those paws of mine. They *were* pretty, you know. I might have caught myself shrinking from doing something or other to help Clem some fine morning, if I had allowed myself to care about the color of my hands. Think of that! So I just resolved to spoil their beauty at once, and have done with it."

"You're home early, Clem," said she once more, as her brother threw himself wearily into a chair, commanding a full view of the building-ground and the donkey.

"Yes, dear; but I intend to go back again to the office for an hour or two to-night. There will be some foreign letters to answer by this mail."

"'Ow tired you look, Clement!" said Mrs. Charlewood, anxiously. "It's 'ot, ain't it?"

"No, mother—yes, I mean it is, rather."

Penelope rose quietly and went into the little kitchen to prepare tea. They had a servant, but her abilities did not extend to the adequate preparation of the simplest meal. Indeed, I doubt whether Penelope, in her jealous devotion to her brother, would have consented to resign that office to the most accomplished cordon bleu.

As soon as her daughter had left the room Mrs. Charlewood drew near to Clement, and asked, in a suppressed voice, "'Ave you seen Watty to-day, love?"

"Not to-day, mother; but I will try to find him as I go back to the office. Don't fret, dear mother, don't fret." The tears were in Mrs. Charlewood's eyes.

"No, Clem, no, I won't. God knows I'm thankful to him every day and every hour, for 'aving you and Penny; but you know Watty's my child too, and I feel it 'ard sometimes to see him so seldom. Don't be angry with me, my boy; I can't help it."

"Angry, dear mother!"

"No, love, no. There! I knew you wouldn't be angry; but Penny is, sometimes."

"Penny has trials too, mother, and bears them bravely."

"Yes, to be sure, Clem, I know she does; and as to a good daughter— Well, there, I'm sure I never thought it was in Penny to be so kind and considerate as she is to me. And she's never sharp with me now—almost never; only she—she's 'ard sometimes on Watty. If he *did* get tired of living 'ere with us, and found it dull, and went into lodgings of his own in a livelier situation, why, law! I'm sure it was very natural."

There was a short pause.

"At all events, mother," said Clement, kissing her, "it is done, and we can't alter it. We must make the best and not the worst of poor Walter's doings."

Presently Penelope came back with the tea-pot in her hand, and the servant followed bearing a tray laden with cups and saucers. The mother, her son, and daughter took their meal together quietly, but without gloom; only Clement's unusual silence and absence of mind did not escape his sister's quick eye. No shade of manner in those she loved easily escaped her keen observation. The sun sank lower; the ragged men had arisen and were gone; the donkey still perseveringly mowed down the rank grass with his strong crunching teeth; a caravan of children was stumbling homeward over the desert waste, the leaders in front carrying babies, and the smallest bringing up the rear with tottering footsteps, much impeded by the fragments of broken crockery, and imperiously shouted to by a shrewish, hungry, little girl in the van to "come a-a-an!" To these cries the little ones responded by piteous, long-drawn wails and boo-hoos that gradually died away in the distance. It was not a cheerful scene, and its sights and sounds seemed to be reflected in Clement's face.

And it is possible that he may have got some unconscious impression of its dreariness, although, in fact, his thoughts were busy with far other things.

"Will you come out into the wilderness and have a cigar, Clem?" said Penelope, when tea was over.

"I've smoked my allowance for to-day, Penny. Don't assail my virtuous resolutions."

"No, I won't," said Penny, decisively. "If a man makes a promise to himself he ought to stick to it; but you may come into the wilderness for a quarter of an hour. We shall be within sight of the parlor window, if mamma should want us. Are you tired, though?"

"Not I, dear; and *you* look as if a breath of air would do you good. Get your hat on, Penny."

The brother and sister walked out together, and passed through the small back-yard into the waste ground which Penelope styled the wilderness. For a few minutes they walked on in silence, arm in arm. At length Penelope spoke: "You know our compact, Clem? I can't *do* any thing for you, nor *be* much, but I claim my share of the suffering. You are dejected and out of sorts. What is the matter?"

"Penny, when you claim your share, as you call it, of the suffering, there might something be said of your being and doing too; but perhaps there need no words about all that between you and me. I am ready to tell you, but I don't feel quite sure that I ought to add to your burdens by teasing you about—"

"There, stop! That's so like a man. They think they can do every thing themselves—fight and battle, and then brush off the dust handsomely, and come home smug and smiling to the women-folks, saying, 'There, don't distress yourself, my love; I've chopped off arms and legs in every direction, and borne the heat and burden of the day, but here is a diamond necklace, or a new bright sauce-pan, or something adapted to *your* capacity.'"

Clement smiled sadly.

"I'm afraid you don't get even the bright sauce-pan, Penny," said he. His sister pressed his arm with the hand that rested on it.

"Don't mind me, Clem, I must say my say; but it does seem to me that women are so often expected to be like the image of the Madonna that Browning wrote of:

> 'Our lady borne smiling and smart,
> With a pink gauze gown, all spangles,
> *And seven swords stuck in her heart.*'

Now, I can bear the swords, if I may but abjure the smiles and the spangles. What is the matter?"

"I have seen," he replied, very slowly, "another—"

"Not another of those letters, Clem?"

"Yes, dear, another of those letters."

"My God!"

"Mr. M'Culloch called me into his private office when I went there this morning, and put it into my hands."

"Oh, Clement! Oh, my dear brother!"

"M'Culloch has shown me every one of these infamous letters from the first. He says it is out of the question that they should make the smallest impression on him; that he treats all anonymous communications with contempt; and that his confidence in me is unshaken. Nothing could be better than the way M'Culloch has behaved. All his desire is, he says, that the miscreant who is endeavoring to stab me in the dark should be discovered and punished. He begged me again to-day to search my memory well, to try and find some clew to this mystery. But it is in vain. I have thought and thought; but who is there in all the world who can hate me so bitterly as to do me this iniquitous wrong?"

"Of course M'Culloch can not believe these lies. Who could believe them that knows you? After all, why should you grieve, Clem? The villain's aim is foiled. He can not hurt you."

"No, thank God, I hope he can not. I believe he can not. But yet, if you knew the anguish of mind I endure sometimes! There is a subtle, devilish ingenuity in these letters that fills me with amazement."

A brooding, anxious frown settled on Penelope's pale face.

"What was in this last letter, Clement?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Oh, the same old strings harped upon. My extravagance, my untrustworthiness, my want of honor, my passion for gambling in all its forms. The same aspersions cast on the memory of him who is gone from us. All our great speculations were but the reckless ventures of unprincipled gamesters. And—and—the great calamity of our lives is described as the voluntary escape of a cowardly criminal who finds detection imminent."

Penelope's face was already pale, but it grew death-like as she listened, and a faint, sick feeling caused her to lean heavily for a moment on her brother's arm.

"And then the wicked craft of attributing to *me* all poor Walter's follies and faults, blackened into crimes. The writer evidently knows that my brother has been placed in his present position at the bank on M'Culloch's recommendation and guarantee, and reckons on my desire to screen Walter to seal my mouth."

"It is monstrous!" burst forth Penelope, with flashing eyes. "Monstrous and cruel and wicked—yes, wicked—that you should bear this! Tell Mr. M'Culloch the truth, Clement; tell him that the transactions mentioned in these vile letters are your brother's, and that you have never in your life—"

"Hush, Penny; hush, my dear. Think of what my saying so would involve."

"It would involve justice being done to *you*, and that would be a righteous thing."

"Justice to me? Ah, Penny, it is my turn now to preach faith and patience. It is enough that M'Culloch, being an honest, upright man, despises these calumnies. But for Watty—poor, weak, misguided boy—I must keep him safe and clear if possible. Only a fortnight ago when I remonstrated with him about something I had heard, and spoke vaguely of the risk he ran of offending his employers if his conduct were known, he interrupted me with one of his wild fits of childish temper. 'If any blame is thrown on me by *them*,' he said, 'if I am lectured, or held up as an example, or taken to task like a servant, by Heaven! I'll leave the place that moment, and never set foot within the bank doors again.' Then he raved on about his being a gentleman, and how hard his fate was in being brought down so low, and finally he began to cry—began to cry and whimper, Penny, like a girl, until, I swear to you, the pain and shame of seeing him were almost more than I could bear."

Penelope set her lips together grimly.

"I think," said she, "*I* could have borne that, better than I can bear some other things. *Let* him leave the bank, as he has left two other situations already. We have done all we can. He is a mass of selfishness. He has cut himself adrift from our home, although he well knows that poor mamma—"

The mention of her mother seemed to check her, and she stopped short.

Clement took his sister's arm, which she had withdrawn from his, and pressed it gently to his side. "Penny," said he, "do you know, dear, I am going to confide to you what I have never yet told to any human being?"

Her face flushed, and she looked at him quickly, but in silence.

"I hope," proceeded Clement, "that I should have tried to do my duty by poor Watty in any case; but—on the day that—that *he* died, he said to me, as though there were a knowledge of what was to come upon his mind, 'Clem, you'll stand by Watty? Poor Watty; you *will* stand by him? Don't forsake him, my boy.' I gave my father my word, and so help me God, I will keep it."

The brother and sister walked side by side toward their home, where, through the gathering dusk, Mrs. Charlewood's face, in its doleful frame of widow's weeds, was peering from the window. The tears streamed down Penelope's wan cheeks as she raised herself to kiss her brother.

"God bless you, Clem," she whispered. "I *have* faith, and I'll never despond nor despair about you. The devil's a mighty clever fellow, but, thank God, he's not quite clever *enough*, my dear."

CHAPTER II.

CLEMENT CUTS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

CLEMENT CHARLEWOOD walking back to his office in the summer twilight, and following a route that would take him past his brother's lodging, revolved many painful thoughts in his mind. And, strange to say, these painful thoughts were in no way connected with the subject of his recent conversation with his sister.

What impenetrable mysteries, and storehouses of strange secrets, are we human creatures to one another! The tongue and the eye at best translate our thought but imperfectly; but when these are silent—when the spirit is busy within the still locked chambers of the brain—what cunning sorcery shall draw forth its secret? What human soul—nearest and dearest though it be—shall fathom those dark recesses, and see and know us as we are?

If Penelope Charlewood had been asked to guess the subject of her brother's meditations during his walk to the City, she would undoubtedly have said, "He is thinking of Walter, and of those wicked letters." Very certainly she would have had no suspicion that Clement's brain was haunted by the vision of a huge red and yellow poster, whereon gigantic letters flamed in gaudy colors. And yet it was of this poster, and of the performance at the Royal Thespian Theatre, that Clement was thinking as he walked along. It was now three weeks since he had seen Miss M. A. Bell announced to play Juliet. It was the only intimation he had had of Mabel's being in London. How, indeed, could he have had any news of her, save such news as he might share with all the world? He walked on, down Pentonville Hill, and past the hoardings where the many-colored bills flaunted their tidings on the eye. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" Clement had, perhaps, not been to a theatre half a dozen times in his life, but he had been a great reader and lover of Shakspeare, and a wondering speculation stole into his mind as to how Mabel, *his* Mabel—(but no! that was all over)—would interpret the character of the love-lorn Juliet. How she, so proud, so cold, and so unmoved in her maiden dignity, would utter the passionate vows and caressing tender phrases of the poet's creation—that dazzling southern lily, with one bright bitter tear in its perfumed heart. For an instant the temptation crossed his mind to go and see her, himself unseen and unnoticed in the crowd. But he dismissed the notion. "I could not bear it," said he; "and it would do no good to me or to any one else if I could." Still, as he walked, Mabel's face—so long unseen by his bodily eyes—haunted his memory; and his fancy was tormented by a fruitless endeavor to picture that face with the strong glare of the stage-lights on its modest beauty. It would not do. It was like trying to find a steady outline amidst the images reflected in rippling water. There was the form; but it moved and changed and melted, and could be fixed by no effort of his. So musing, he reached his brother's lodgings, whither he was bound in fulfillment of the promise given to his mother. Walter Charlewood occupied a room on the second floor of a very dirty, noisy lodging-house in a street near the Strand. A tall, sooty-visaged brick-house, the unwashed blank ugliness of whose aspect seemed to communicate itself mysteriously to each one of the long line of maids-of-all-work who successively toiled up and down its rickety staircase. It was an evil-smelling, shabby, out-at-elbows house, with a queer nomade population of lodgers. Its atmosphere was dense and heavy even in the brightest weather; and to a fanciful mind it might have seemed that the roar of mingled sounds—impossible to analyze—that surged up around it from the great neighboring thoroughfare, contributed as much as the smoke and fog to thicken and cloud the ambient air. Nevertheless, Walter had preferred its murky precincts to the clean little underdone stucco-house at Barnsbury. Uninviting as was his present abode, it did not offer the advantage even of economy. "I hate cheap and nasty things," said Penelope, "but Watty has ingeniously found something at once ineffably nasty and outrageously dear!"

However, the one compensation for all drawbacks in Walter's mind was, "the situation." "So central," said he; "one sees something of life. One is *get-at-able*. One can drop in at—at—different places, you know; and see a—a—different fellows, you know. And, by Jove! that lath and plaster shed at Barnsbury, overlooking a confounded dismal desert full of broken bottles, would have driven me melancholy mad in a fortnight."

Clement found the street-door open, and the maid-of-all-work (the third who had held office during Walter's brief tenancy) engaged in a wrangle with the pot-boy, who held a spreading bouquet of dirty pewter-pots in his hand, and clamorously persisted in demanding "them two other quarts as was sent to the back-parlors last night."

"Is Mr. Charlewood in?" asked Clement, interrupting the dispute. The slatternly servant looked round with a saucy toss of her dust-colored cap. "Dunno, Sir, I'm sure. Mr. Charlewood? Two pair back. Fust door on the left 'and as you go up stairs."

The girl had not been long enough in the place to recognize Clement, or to know that he stood in no need of her direction. He mounted the stairs to his brother's room. The door was closed, and he tapped on it with his fingers, but receiving no answer, went in. There was no one there, and the place looked littered and neglected. Clement looked about him for some means of writing a line to be left for his brother when he should return, but found no writing materials except a glass bottle thickly incrusted with dried ink, and containing at the bottom of it one drop of muddy black fluid. There was a wooden penholder, but no pen. Clement's face grew dark as he mentally compared this shabby frouzy room with the neatness, order, and bright cleanliness of the poor home over which his mother and sister presided. There were one or two personal luxuries in the chamber, contrasting oddly with the surrounding squalor. A massive leathern portmanteau stood in one corner; it was loosely strapped, but not locked, and the clothes within it were peeping forth in disorder. Two silver-mounted meerschaums were crossed over the mantle-piece, and an inlaid dressing-case of elaborate workmanship was open on the table, revealing one or two ugly gaps where gold and crystal had once glittered, and defiled with cigar-ashes sprinkled over its velvet lining. Clement tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it in pencil:

"DEAR WATTY,—Sorry to miss you. Do come to-morrow. I will call for you after banking hours as I come from the office, and we can walk to Barnsbury together. You *must* not fail, Wat. Mother is fretting at not seeing you so long. C. C."

This leaf he folded, and directed to his brother, and placed it beneath a box of fusees on the mantle-piece, thinking that in that neighborhood it could not fail to be observed. Then he left the close room, and shut the door behind him. As he came out on to the landing he heard voices, and a woman descended from the third story, speaking a voluble farewell to some one out of sight. "Good-by. You won't disapint me of my gown for Sunday! Don't you trouble to come down. I knows my way." She was a very untidy woman, with a faded smart bonnet, and rough light hair. She jostled against Clement as she came down the stairs with her eyes directed up toward the unseen person whom she was addressing. She had begun a sort of apology, when, looking at Clement, she stopped short, started, clapped her hands, and uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment. "Angels and ministers!" cried the untidy woman. "If it ain't Mr. Charlewood in proprius persony!"

Clement looked at her in surprise. "That is my name," said he. "Do you know me?"

"Well, I should rather think so, Sir, an' ever likely to! Don't you remember me? Party of the name of Hutchins—New Bridge Street—little Corda! Ah, *there!* You recollect me *now*, don't you, Sir?"

Clement did recollect her now. But as his recollection of Mrs. Hutchins was not an especially favorable one, and as any reminiscence of the time she alluded to was fraught with many bitter regrets in his mind, he merely gave her a brief though civil "good-day," and ran quickly down the stairs.

The woman stood on the landing looking after him.

"Hoity toity!" she muttered. "Come-downs in the world don't seem to *meeken* some folks. A nasty stuck-up fellow, as was glad enough to come to my house once upon a time, too. An' p'raps he'd have been glad to be a bit civiller *now*, if he'd have knowed all."

Mrs. Hutchins screwed her mouth into a cunning smile, and nodded her head. The good lady's old thirst for information had not left her, it appeared; for on her way out of the house she encountered the slatternly servant, and, assuming an insinuating fascination of manner, proceeded to cross-question her keenly. The girl was disposed to be communicative enough on the subject of her own hardships and wrongs, but was able to say very little regarding Clement. This much, however, Mrs. Hutchins drew from her; that a young gentleman named Charlewood lodged in the house, that he kept late hours, gave little trouble, and was, in the maid-of-all-work's opinion, "a rig'lar wild 'un."

"Lord bless me!" said Mrs. Hutchins, raising her hands and eyes in astonishment. "Well, live and learn, to be sure; but who'd ever ha' thought as my—ahem!—my young friend 'ud 'av turned out like that. I knowed him intimate in 'appier times, my dear, when the bloom was on his early brow, but now Otheller's occkypation's gone, and no mistake!"

"Lor!" said the slatternly servant.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Hutchins, warming into romance; "it's been a pretty considerable come-down for the lot of 'em. I was, I may say, 'and and glove with the famaly, *and* with the young lady as he kep' comp'ny with. But now things is changed. She wouldn't look at him now, Lord bless you, not she."

"More shame for her, if she was his sweetheart onst," said the dirty servant, with a spark of right womanly sympathy with misfortune, and respect for true love illumining her coarse face.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, mysteriously, "you don't know all, my dear. There's famaly reasons as I *could* reveal, but my lips is sealed aromatically. So he lives here, quite by hisself, eh?"

"Mr. Charlewood do. Quite by hisself."

"I wonder what's got the others. Well, they was always a uppish lot. Sprung out of nothink, and returned back again to oblivium. Good-morning, my dear."

Mrs. Hutchins betook herself along some streets at the back of Drury Lane, marveling much at her recent encounter with young Charlewood, and still more at the account given of him by the lodging-house servant.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPY FAMILY.

A LADY who has just returned from a visit to the East related recently to her friends an interview she had with a poor carpenter in Baalbek. The man was engaged on some trifling work—carving a door-post perhaps—when, pointing to the ruins of some grand old temple, she said to him, "Why do you not try to do some grand work like that?" "Ah!" replied the man, "that kind of work can not be done any more." "Why not?" "All that was done by the Djinn." "But where are the Djinn now, and why don't they work now?" "They have left this region long ago, and gone to Europe and the West; there they are building great houses, bridging streams, boring through mountains, and bearing men swift as the winds over land and sea."

The man's tone as he said this indicated that he expressed the popular belief of his country, and was surprised that the lady did not understand the state of the case. One would like to get at the reflections that were going on beneath the impassive faces of the Oriental monarchs and leading men who, during the month of July, were borne through the hills and over the waters of France and England, and witnessed the splendid displays of their wealth and power. They must, I fancy, have had some such feeling as that of the carpenter of Baalbek, and felt that they were in the living presence of the same forces which once built their temples and pyramids, but have now left them as bleached shells on a shore from which the tide has ebbed away. But if there were among them any man of insight, he must have felt that, after all, Europe had gained only new forms of the old forces; that no new Afreet had come with a higher power.

It is an old story that a Sultan, wishing to demonstrate to a European embassador his absolute power over his subjects, took him to the top of a high tower, and there ordered one of the sentinels to throw himself over the parapet, which the man did without an instant's hesitation. There is, indeed, a vast difference between that and the method by which the crowns of Europe have been trying to impress the Sultan with an idea of their power, but the difference is one of form and degree only; there was the same resort to the symbols of brute authority—reviews, flags, arsenals, war-ships. Nor was any new splendor shown him. The best thing any reporter had to say of the banquets at the Hôtel de Ville, Guildhall, and elsewhere was that it resembled something in the Arabian Nights. Europe simply attempted to extemporize an Orient for the Sultan, as if he had come here to see that which his own country has tired of. The thought did not strike any one, it seems, to try and acquaint these Oriental guests with what the really Western Djinn is accomplishing. There are laboratories in Paris and London where men of science could have chemically produced before him one of the organic tissues of the human body; where he might have been shown how fire will freeze, and ice will burn; explored the metallic mines of stars, and beheld the photographs of planets. It was supposed that his tastes were better satisfied by ballets at the opera, and by sitting in the rain to gaze on the troops which propose so soon as is practicable to inherit and occupy his empire.

There is no doubt that it was all very fine in its way. No Western man could, I think, have looked on so imperturbably as the little yellow brother whom it was all meant to dazzle upon that radiant day when Paris, as if touched by a nearer sun, blossomed into crimson and gold, and matched the sky with its galaxies. It was in vain that the Tuileries tried to outshine Paris; the city is always the finest court, and on the Sunday of the Sultan's arrival it was as if from the railway-station he passed through a continuous out-of-door palace. Indeed, for several days Paris had seemed a large ball-room, and the millions given up to an unbroken fête. Unceasing music filled the air; beautiful women, their costumes flushed with every sky, flitted along the streets; at night the darkness was abolished, and the stars eclipsed by the long arches of light, of transparencies, and many-hued illuminations. Brighter daily and nightly all this was glowing, and the city, like some wild Almée dancer, whirled each moment more madly in her ecstasy up to the day of the Fête of Prizes, when all the brilliant crowns and coronets of the earth were to be strung together like beads to grace the neck of Paris. It was about six of the evening before this climacteric fête when the Sultan passed up, through the crowd that stood like solid masonry each side, to the palace in the Champs Elysées which had been provided for him. The crowd then dispersed to the cafés and the theatres, and hardly a dozen spectators remained to see him with a few of his friends as they were driven swiftly two hours later back over the same avenue to the palace of the Emperor, where a brilliant assembly, limited to royalty, had assembled for dinner.

The announcement of the death of Maximilian and the event of the Court going into mourning was the means of giving the Sultan some glimpses of actual Parisian life which he would not otherwise have obtained. He has a face that needed only dimiss dissociation from badges and fineries to be utterly undistinguishable from the thousands of Oriental people congregated in Paris, and left to his own devices for a full week he went unrecognized wherever he pleased. Where Abdul-Aziz went during that week must be handed down for answer to the imagination of the future, which will doubtless make as much out of the Sultan's *incognito* adventures as the last generation made out of those of Peter the Great. To his librettist I transmit the fact that very early one morning I discovered him in simple Parisian dress gazing with interest upon the Titanic statue of Columbus and the Squaw (*alias* "America"). And that solemn little man is the Grand Turk! Why is it that we always think of the Sultan as the jolliest of mortals? "Do you feel like the Grand Turk?" asks Quilp, when he would appeal to a standard of bliss. Has not every moralized Sapon of us envied the turbaned Turk who scorns the world and struts about with his whiskers curled, with a thousand wives under lock and key for nobody else but himself to see—without pausing to reflect whether such a number of wives, even though under lock and key, might not furnish reasons for other than merry feelings? The Pope he leads a happy life, says the poet—it was some time ago—but, he adds,

"The Sultan better pleases me,
He leads a life of jollity."

But *why* jolly? "This hyena," said the traveling showman—"this hyena goes into the wilderness, and he laughs, and he laughs, and he laughs; but what the devil he laughs at I could never make out!" Similarly our information concerning the Sultan's chronic jollity has ended with the fact. But the fact is such no longer; Abdul-Aziz has put to flight forever our ideal Sultan. Unsmiling, wooden, not even his capital advantage of being a sick man, with large estates to bequeath, could make him as attractive to the public, or even in company, as the handsome pink Viceroy, whose vivacity, ease, and quick intelligence made all save the diplomatists (who prefer a dull Sultan for obvious reasons) wish *he* were the Sultan.

And here I may say that the potentates who visited Paris were, for perhaps the first time in their lives, carefully measured and labeled. The late caricature of the Prince of Wales as Hamlet, saying to the ghost of George IV., "I'll follow thee," is one of the effects of his late visit to Paris. While the Czar was followed as a lion the skin of a different animal altogether was plainly seen beneath, and Gortchakoff's rudeness, it was hinted, showed him a Russian who needed no "scratch" to reveal his race. Every one liked the King of the Belgians, a plain, unpretending man of about thirty-seven years, who, without great gifts, has common-sense and means to do his best. The King of Prussia has gained much in the general esteem by his visit. He is a venerable man, refined and courteous, but sheathing a true earnestness and a profound love of Germany under his mild exterior. He is in no sense a great man, or one from whom any broad scope of sympathy or action is to be expected; yet there is something kingly about him. But the man who has left the best impression on the large circle who met him, and the still larger before which he went in and out daily with freedom and unreserve, is Count Bismarck. Of all the officially distinguished visitors Bismarck alone—unless the Viceroy be included—was pronounced to be a man of culture. He was not prepossessing, as the many photographs of him render it unnecessary to remark; but these photographs do not report that wherein Bismarck's main ugliness resides, his complexion, which is changeable but always mottled. His eye, too, is cold, and his lips thin. But his manner is frank and kind; he is at once unreserved and unobtrusive; he is natural and sensible. His visit followed immediately after the still questionable adjustment of the Luxembourg difficulty, in which the *amour propre* of the French was tried to the utmost. Paris was prepared to give the King of Prussia a kindly reception, but had resolved to snub Bismarck, the scape-goat of Europe with some, at every step. But it was amusing to see how without effort the Count conquered all whom he met. The French can not withstand *bonhomie*, bravery, and intellect all together, and these were in the iron man. The ladies named their dresses after him: a dark brownish yellow is "Bismarck angry," a lighter shade of the same stuff is "Bismarck pleased;" nay, he went so close to the heart of the French that there was invented by the cooks an "entremet Bismarque"—and a very delicious entremet it is too. Yet it could not escape observation that the Count mingled much more freely with Parisian gentlemen than he did with the Prussians who were in Paris. When he walked through the Prussian department of the Exhibition hats were lifted, but there was no cordial reception given him. Nor was there any great interest in the Czar shown by the Russians. On the other hand, the swarthy Egyptians seemed to adore the Viceroy, who mingled with them on almost affectionate terms. The most interesting tableau of the Exhibition was perhaps the scene when he was entertained by the Egyptian exhibitors. They all sat or reclined together on rich divans and smoked their chibouks, each servant attending puffing two or three times at the amber before it was inserted in the mouth of his master. What they smoked was not tobacco but *toumbach*, a similar plant, the smoke of which they inhale through rose-water. At the same time coffee is sipped from porcelain cups.

DEATH.

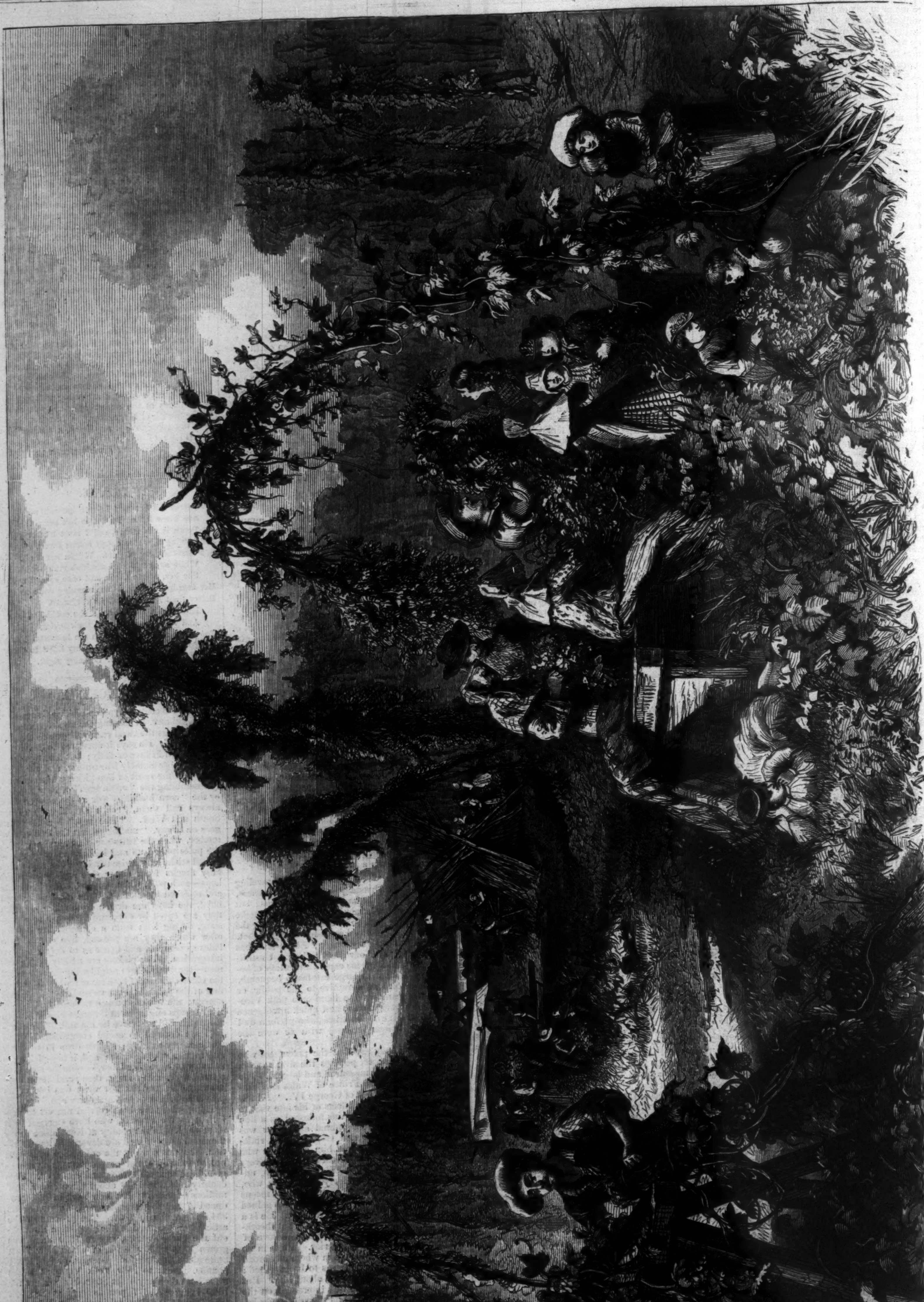
I WANT to tell her that I loved her well:
She knew it, but I want to tell her so.
Death is too strong, and I must let her go,
Unknowing if, where happy spirits dwell,
She hears my cry of grief. Within her shell,
White as the funeral marble's statue-snow
She lies, whose cheek had once so soft a glow.
Her dear brown eyes, whose meaning none could tell
Better than I, are closed for evermore.
How would they open, if she could but hear,
And look upon me with their loving light!
Too weak my voice to reach the immortal shore,
Too far her spirit has fled, my heart to cheer
With loving sound or visionary sight.

HOP-PICKING.

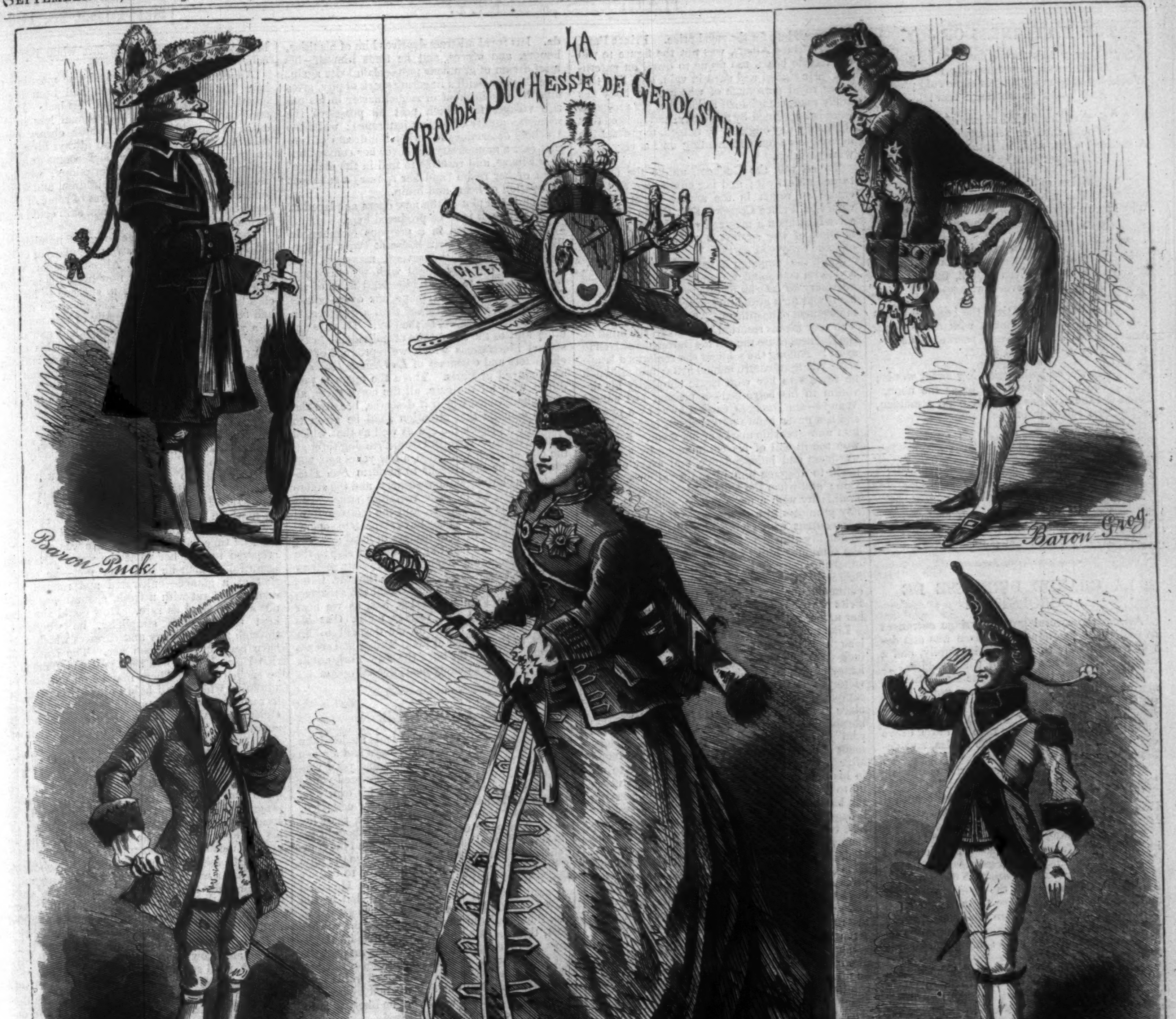
"HALF a century ago hop-picking," says HORACE GREELEY, in relating the experiences of his youth, "was the rural carnival—the festive harvest home." He says it answered to the vintage of Southern France or Italy; but Americans will enjoy a more homely illustration, and recall the labor and the sport of hop-picking as more nearly resembling the "apple bees" of New England or the "corn huskings" (or as the colored folks always call them, "corn shuckings") of the South and West. "The hop," Mr. GREELEY goes on to say, "matures about the first of September, when the vines are cut near the ground, the poles pulled up and laid successively across forked sticks lengthwise of a large bin, into which busy fingers from either side rapidly strip the hops—each pole, when stripped, being laid aside and replaced by another. The bin having been filled, the hops are drawn to the kiln, wherein they are cured by exposure for hours to a constant, drying heat from a charcoal fire below; after which they are pressed, like cotton, into bales so compact and dense as to defy easy disintegration. The pickers are mainly young women—the daughters of neighboring farmers—and the older children of both sexes; while the handling of the poles demands masculine strength and energy; the work is pushed with ardor, often by rival groups employed at different bins, racing to see which will first have its bin full. The evenings are devoted to social companionship and rustic merry-making; friends drop in to enjoy and increase the festivity; and, if hop-picking is not now an agreeable labor, despite the sore eyes sometimes caught from it, then rural life in hop-growing districts has lost what was one of its pleasantest features half a century ago."

Hop-picking has been carried nearest to perfection by the English, who have engaged in it since 1524. In the county of Kent alone thirty thousand acres of land are devoted to its cultivation. In this country the cultivation of hops is not so extensive, nor so profitable, nor are as good hops as those of England produced. This country raised in 1850 about three and a half millions of pounds; but New York in 1855 produced 7,192,254 pounds, and Massachusetts 354,667 pounds in 1857. The product of the article has increased in like proportion throughout the United States, and in 1860 there was grown 10,991,996 pounds, of which New York State alone produced eight-tenths, or 9,671,931 pounds. Next to New York Vermont raises more hops than any other State, her product for 1860 being 638,677 pounds against 288,023 pounds in 1850. Hop-raising is, as will be seen by this statement, a specialty of New York, and even here its cultivation is confined to a few counties. In 1850 the county of Otsego produced 3,507,069 pounds; Madison, 1,520,657 pounds; Schoharie, 1,441,648 pounds; Oneida, 838,460 pounds; Herkimer, 707,910 pounds; and Montgomery, 515,584 pounds.

Our engraving, by ARTHUR LUMLEY, on page 616, will be found highly interesting in this connection.



HOP-PICKING—A WESTERN NEW YORK SEPTEMBER SCENE.—Drawn by Arthur Lumley.—[See Page 615.]


LA
GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN
GAZET
Baron Puck.
Baron Grog
Prince Paul.
La grande Duchesse
Fritz
Wanda.
General Boum!
Dame d'honneur.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES IN THE OPERA OF LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN, AS PRODUCED BY BATEMAN'S PARISIAN OPERA TROUPE, NEW YORK.

THE BITTERNESS OF JOY.

"O THAT this fervid flame of love,
That burns so vehemently now,
Would break upon the rock of some cold passion,
And 'neath its influence bow!

"O that the folded skirts of time
Would shed on memory's swift eye
A starless night, and, in some mystic fashion,
Dim it perpetually!

"O vision of the past, why rise
To fret me in the day and night?
Why rise to make me sad with joyless pleasure,
Why rise with false delight?"

Thus spoke I, resting in the place,
Where resting long, ah! long ago,
A cup of bliss was given in full, full measure,
'Twas like to overflow.

For there, what time the honeyed winds
Crept from the South with silent feet,
And laid on meads, already perfume-laden,
A rare, unwonted sweet,

Sat we, and whispered low sweet words;
The while uprose, bright as the noon,
From out the East, as from her bath, a maiden,
The splendor of the moon.

And now in sadness do I hear,
As music heard with bated breath,
The glad, sweet accents of a voice that later
Sank low in silent death.

There may be higher joys in heav'n,
But not, O! not on earth again
Will joy come, but the memory of greater
Will ever give me pain.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN.

AMONG the several grand carriage entrances to the late Paris Industrial Palace was one devoted exclusively to the Imperial family, and a second to the higher order of titled nobles. A short time before the close of the Exhibition an actress of the *Opera Comique*, whose grace, beauty, and accomplishments have made her (in the rôle of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, in Offenbach's new opera) the rage of Paris, drove dashingly up to the gate of the nobles, and demanded admittance.

"But, Madame," said the courteous official, "this gate is open only to princesses."

"True, Monsieur," answered the beautiful Princess of the Opera, "and I am the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein."

The portal swung open, and the actress passed in. The story soon got abroad, much to the chagrin of the officer at the gate, who was ridiculed as the only man in Paris who did not know the *Grande Duchesse* of the *Opera Comique;* and the duped officer swore to make no more such stupid mistakes. A few days subsequently the Empress Eugénie, attended by only one or two gentlemen, drove to the same gate and was refused admittance.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am the Empress."

The officer did not tell her so in so many words, but he intimated that he "had heard that story before," and referred her to the Imperial Gate.

The *furore* which has been created in Paris by this new opera of Offenbach's, and the above incident, are fair illustrations of what an American would call the *vim* with which Frenchmen devote themselves to the raging lion, whether of Fashion or the Opera. It reminds one of the days of Sophie Arnold and Camargo. The unweariable delight of the Parisians in the sparkling mixture of mirth and sentiment of which Offenbach is the greatest living master is phenomenal. His four favorite operettas, *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe Bleue*, *La Vie Parisienne*, and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, have produced in Paris a sum equal to $600,000. Of these the first has had 280 representations, the second 130, the third 271, the fourth 110. It still continues to run, and the houses are crowded on each occasion; and all Paris whistles or sings his songs and repeats his witticisms from morning till night, when it dreams them. The present sovereign of Paris, *La Grande Duchesse*, has reigned proudly during the whole of the present season, and now aspires to win our republican votes as she has already done those of her royal cousins. Those who see her represented in various artistic productions, and her name embellishing the pages of sparkling music, emblazoned on walls, hurrying by in stages, and finally placed over the portals of the French Theatre in this city, where she is to hold her brilliant court, have a natural curiosity as to who this royal personage is—whether a myth or a reality? For those who would penetrate this mystery we have prepared a due explanation.

Once upon a time—in 1620, or thereabouts—there lived a beautiful young duchess, early left an orphan, and whose little sovereignty had thriven under the astute guidance of her Minister, Baron Puck, a most earnest and sagacious counselor. While he wielded the sceptre in the name of his august mistress, and she was occupied with her dolls, and their tea-cups and saucers, all went well; but, alas! with lapse of years came a day when dolls and toys no longer amused her, and the Baron saw in the distance a little cloud which might soon overshadow the political horizon. It was the probability that the Grand Duchess might fall in love! To avert this evil he negotiated a marriage with the son of a neighboring Prince, and his Serene Highness Prince Paul appears in the story and the opera (like Prince Albert, in another not less popular story not yet dramatized and set to music) as a candidate for the royal prize. Prince Paul, unlike Prince Albert, was not the figure to win the female heart, too prone to dwell on externals. He sighed and sued in vain, and, like that other royal personage of whom every body has lately read, complained at last that his prospects were being ruined by this delay, and insisted that the happy day ought to be named, to prevent the newspapers from commenting on his very awkward position.

To all this the Duchess, unlike the Queen, turned a deaf ear; and her ennui seemed to increase so much in the august society of the would-be Prince Consort, that Baron Puck resolved, as upon a master-stroke of policy, a declaration of war against a neighboring kingdom of some forty odd acres.

With the campaign he intrusts General Boum, a veteran commander, General-in-chief—but *not* Secretary *ad interim* or otherwise—who musters his troops for a grand review previous to the commencement of hostilities. Ah, luckless diplomat! The very means resorted to to divert the mind of the Duchess cause the evil the Baron has striven to avert! Among the soldiers she remarks a handsome young subaltern named Fritz; and although he reveals to her with rustic simplicity his devotion to his betrothed—a peasant girl named Wanda—the Duchess, carried away by a passion she has never before experienced, bestows upon him unmistakable marks of her favor. Fritz has won the ill-will of his commander by his awkwardness and independence, and every effort is made to disgrace him in the royal eyes, but in vain; and when the Duchess is reproved for her familiarity with a mere private soldier, she rapidly promotes him to the rank of Captain; and not content with giving him this, and a patent of nobility attached to an unpronounceable name, she summons him to a council, and—like some other impulsive and unwise rulers—dismisses her Secretary of War, deprives General Boum of his command and its insignia, the *panache;* girds Fritz with her father's sword, and bids him, in her name, march forth to victory—and he does.

Like many other great (and otherwise) American (and otherwise) generals Fritz makes up in luck what he can not boast in experience, and a happy expedient enables him to gain a bloodless victory. His idea might be adopted in many a campaign to great advantage, and should find a place in modern tactics. He places bottles—ay, hogsheads—of wine (all marked "Revenue tax paid") over the battle-field where the engagement is to take place, instead of retaining them, after a certain style lately made familiar to us, in his own camp-chest; and the foe marching up to receive their opponents' fire, and observing the bait that has been placed for them, swallow it eagerly, and pop go the corks and empty barrels, but not the guns. The result is that the enemy is speedily placed *hors de combat*, and General Fritz and his heroes return triumphant from a bloodless victory. This absence, and the pride she feels in his achievements, add fuel to the love which consumes the Duchess as a fire; and she declares it to him in a manner which, in his rustic simplicity, he does not understand. At a moment when the Duchess, affecting to speak in the name of a friend, a lady of high rank like herself, has brought him to that point when he must answer her tender professions, an interruption comes in the shape of a letter from the Chief of Police or the Board of Health or Citizens' Association, informing her Highness that the General is to be married to Wanda that very day. Bewildered and jealous she retires to gain further information of the truth of this report, but returns just in time to overhear a conspiracy entered into by her former Minister and General and the unhappy Prince Consort (that wants to be), for the destruction of the favorite. To their astonishment the Duchess, having received confirmation of the report of Fritz's marriage by an application from him for her consent, joins the party, and vows vengeance upon her former idol.

Well has the poet sung, "Earth holds no fury like a woman scorned." The secret passage which communicated between the apartment of the Duchess and that of the General, unused since a former reign, is to echo the stealthy steps of the conspirators as they at midnight steal to the couch of the unfortunate Fritz, and leave him a lifeless corpse with their daggers bathed to the hilt in his plebeian blood. In the mean time he enjoys that immunity from the knowledge of coming events with which mortals are fortunately blessed, and dreams of entering, a happy bridegroom, that fatal chamber that is shortly to re-echo with his dying groans. On rehearsing more fully the plan of the conspiracy the Baron Grog, the Minister Plenipotentiary (the Uncle Leopold, in fact) from the court of Prince Paul's father, is admitted to the council, and his dignified presence wins from the Grand Duchess a consent to the long-delayed celebration of the royal nuptials with the illustrious aspirant for her hand. She therefore resolves that the blood of her former favorite shall not stain the record of her marriage day, but that he shall be degraded from the honors she had so hastily bestowed upon him. Poor Fritz is therefore rudely disturbed from all his plans of domestic joy by a summons to march at once against the enemy, who, like the Confederates, taking a positive delight in such "blessings in disguise" as their last defeat, have again taken the field. Loth to go, and hating the insignia of an office that demands of him the sacrifice of his happiness, he sallies forth to meet a battalion of his own troops at an appointed rendezvous; but, alas! he encounters instead the insults of a jealous husband, who, believing him to be General Boum, a former lover of his wife, falls upon him without mercy and beats him nearly to death. Crest-fallen, bruised, and discomfited, he returns to the palace just as the marriage of the Duchess has been solemnized, and finds no sympathy in his disgrace save from his little wife Wanda. His royal mistress deprives him of his titles, honors, and offices, and he finds himself—his brief dream of grandeur past—plain Fritz again. The Duchess, with a lingering spark of pity, gives him the appointment of schoolmaster in his native village, for which post he possesses the requisite quality of perfect ignorance; while the Duchess determines to forget the dream of love that cast a momentary halo over her conventional existence, and resolves to find in the management of her realm (and her spouse) a sufficient occupation of heart and brain.

Such is the plot of the new opera as played in Paris, and as it is to be produced here.

We had occasion in a previous Number, in noticing the new Opera-house at Paris, to suggest that some of the several managers now building in this city might with propriety pay some deference to the architectural taste of the New York public, and make our opera-houses and theatres a credit rather than a disgrace, in an architectural sense, to the city. There is another hint to the same class of individuals in the several illustrations which we reproduce of the characters and costumes of *La Grande Duchesse* as produced in Paris. There the opera is produced with all the care, all the correctness, all the magnificence which it deserves, because the public demand that attention shall be given to that which pleases the eye as well as that which charms the ear. An opera troupe passing through the city of Puebla, Mexico, a few years ago, was compelled by the citizens to perform *Don Pasquale* in a church, without scenery, and the actors were all attired in their traveling suits. But New York is not Puebla, and the metropolitans are not Mexicans. They have respectable opera-houses, and are used to troupes of good singers; and now they are insisting on another step in the right direction, and demand appropriate scenery and correct costumes. We hope that Mr. Bateman, who is soon to produce Offenbach's masterpiece at the French Theatre, has, as we hear he has, reformed this former fault; that his attention has not been entirely devoted to his singers, to the neglect of his costumer and scene-painter; and that for once the New York public is to *witness*, not merely hear, a good opera.

THE BLUE RIBBON.

NATURE, not the schools, had made John Everdale a man. While other boys had studied or played truant he had worked—and yet I venture the assertion that, of ten college-bred young men of his native county, nearest his own age, not one could have been found better educated, in a certain true and practical sense, than he. In the absence of text-books he had thought for himself. The calculus might be beyond his comprehension, but he had learned long ago the ratio of honesty to success, and knew how to deduce from it the formula of upright living. He could not read a line of Homer or Virgil, but he did know something of the works of those great English thinkers, who have lain nearest the world's heart, thus catching and perpetuating its throbbings, and incorporating upon their own page the best of all past and present inspirations. A boy who kept a leaf of Shakspeare folded in his vest-pocket, to be taken out and learned by heart as he followed the plow, would not be likely to grow up with tastes wholly uncultivated.

Yet John Everdale loved his work. If all pathways had opened to him alike, I doubt if he would have chosen to be any thing else than the farmer he was. His aspirations, though not groveling in the soil, still arose from it, grouping themselves about a home, and friends, untarnished name, and sturdy service wherever needed most.

He found himself at twenty-two in possession of his patrimony, a small farm heavily mortgaged, together with the title to a tract of wild Western land. This last the specious representations of an agent had induced his father, always over-sanguine, to purchase, only to find it quite useless thereafter, for any immediate advantage.

John saw years of hard work and close economy stretching ahead before he could hope to stand with unencumbered hold upon his ancestral acres. No golden prospect, certainly; but with his brave, hopeful heart and rugged health he saw it unflinching. Besides, he loved Helen Darrell. From the times when he had gone, a boy, to Darrell Hall, on his father's errands, and the beautiful child, with her marvelous brown eyes and golden glory of curls, had flown out to learn from him how to tame the wild ponies her father bought for her, until now, when her more mature loveliness was the pride not alone of Squire Darrell's heart but of all Shelbyville, he could not remember when his love for her had not seemed a part of his very breath and being.

This fact was itself a key to his character. If he had been less than he was he could never have dared to love her. Not that he had any puffed-up certainty of success; but the manhood within him, humble and self-respectful, claimed for him the right to love the woman who embodied his noblest ideal of womanhood, and to be judged by her, irrespective of any untoward decisions of outward circumstances.

He hoped for no pledge as yet—would not if he could have exacted such. His native sense of the fitness of things forbade it, until his own hand, under a kind Providence, should have carved out for himself a more certain fortune. It might be a long labor, but the years of waiting, like Jacob's, would seem as "so many days," if only he were sure of Jacob's reward.

Meanwhile he wooed her at a distance, and had the satisfaction of knowing that at least she was not wholly indifferent to him. How much her manner meant he did not dare to guess; she was so kind to all. Forgive him if he watched all other admirers with jealous eyes; he was but human, and the daily fear went with him, "Will it not be too late when my turn comes to speak?"

All Shelbyville was shocked one morning to hear that good Dr. Mattison had been found quietly sleeping his last sleep in his bed. Every family felt a keen sense of personal loss in the death of the old physician, whose cheery presence and genial sympathy had always brought a healing influence into their sick-rooms quite independent of his careful prescriptions; who had presided at the birth of their children, and whose tender hands had closed the eyes of some of their loved ones when human care and skill could avail no longer.

The people, who came in great numbers to Dr. Mattison's funeral, saw in the place of chief-mourner his nephew, Dr. Alfred Lashley, who, it was understood, would now leave his position in a city hospital, in order to succeed to his uncle's business and estate. The good old doctor had been wont to speak proudly of this nephew, as a young man of uncommon talent and thorough education; indeed it had been his cherished plan to see his practice established in these younger and stronger hands while he himself yet lived.

Dr. Lashley found a hearty welcome to Shelbyville, for his uncle's sake as well as for his own. As days passed one and another of the friends of Dr. Mattison called to grasp the young man's hand, and speak words of hearty sympathy and encouragement.

"Come up to the Hall whenever you have time and inclination; the latch-string hangs outside," said Squire Darrell, with a blunt cordiality, to which Dr. Lashley was not slow to respond.

Calling soon at Darrell Hall he met Helen for the first time in some years. He was quite unprepared to find her what she was. The most beautiful woman he had ever met—he settled that at a glance—cultivated and refined evidently, and yet with a fresh, spontaneous manner as charming as rare. How could she have kept this childish simplicity, he wondered, through all the flattery and caresses which must have been lavished upon her. The truth was that Helen Darrell had been praised too much to be spoiled by it. There may be an extreme of adulation which shall hold in itself the germ of its own antidote. The homage which enveloped Helen like an atmosphere she accepted as a tribute of love, rather than as the reward of real desert.

Squire Darrell naturally spoke much of Dr. Mattison, whom he had dearly loved, and Dr. Lashley responded with a filial enthusiasm which quite won Helen's heart. As the conversation progressed he seemed drawn unconsciously to speak of his own plans and purposes of life; of his profession, which he considered second to none in means and opportunities of good.

Alfred Lashley was not intentionally dishonest, but he had a marvelous power of expressing more than he really felt. Some tell us that the absolute possession of any great virtue is necessary to its real appreciation; but this man combined with unbounded aspirations after true nobility a constitution ready to fail at the first great trial. He did not know his own weakness—would never know it, until some test-moment came suddenly upon him, and even then some loop-hole of expediency would perhaps broaden before his distorted vision into a great archway over the entrance of duty.

He knew how to use the words "work" and "mission," in a way that suggested to Helen's ardent imagination all the sublimest possibilities of moral heroism, while, in the same breath, he said he felt this to be an age for saying little and doing much. Helen felt, as did all others who met him, the spell of his magnetic presence, the fascination of his brilliant intellect and fine culture. She sang for him, and, looking up between her ballads, saw his dark eyes full of tears.

Poor John Everdale, riding slowly past Darrell Hall in the winter moonlight, saw the new doctor's tall figure bend gracefully in a parting bow to Helen in the doorway, and started with a sudden pang, for which he was angry with himself a moment after. But the vague sense of pain and loss was repeated so often in the weeks and months that followed, as to grow at last into a settled sorrow, blotting out his hopes, and threatening to darken all his life. By the time that the last snow-drifts had melted away in the spring sunshine John's dream of love had vanished with them. No engagement between Dr. Lashley and Helen had been officially announced, but rumor had settled the fact of such engagement with quiet certainty.

Night after night John Everdale lay sleepless, facing his trouble, and waging unequal contest with his own heart. He believed in Dr. Lashley with all the force of his generous nature, and his whole soul ratified Helen's choice. He felt that he could not willingly cast the temporary cloud of a knowledge of his own unhappiness across her perfect sunshine. So he found courage to meet her at Dr. Lashley's side, with his old, frank smile of greeting, though he was not strong enough to go any more to Darrell Hall.

The summer heats came on with an intensity almost unparalleled. The very air seemed scorching, and man and beast drooped with exhaustion.

Shelbyville proper was built mainly upon two hills, separated from each other by a low, marshy valley, now temporarily occupied by a collection of some fifty or more wretched cabins, which had received the name of "New Dublin." These huts were tenanted by the families of a gang of the lowest class of Irish laborers, then employed in excavating a tunnel for a new railway.

An occasional breeze brought some fresh vitality to the hill-side air, but the stagnant atmosphere of the valley was foul with the fumes of a poorly-drained soil and overcrowded living.

"Such weather must breed sickness, Doctor?" said Squire Darrell to Dr. Lashley, one day, as the two sat with Helen in the porch.

"In the valley, undoubtedly," was the answer. "The poor New Dublinites are ripe food for fever. I should greatly dread the appearance of any malignant form of disease among them. Their ignorant and unreasoning fears succumb to the first attack, and there is no lever by which to lift them."

"Can there be no means of prevention?" asked Helen.

"Can be? Yes. Will be? No. I rode down there only yesterday, and tried in vain to induce an effort at something like care and cleanliness. It's of no use."

Dr. Lashley's fears soon began to be realized in the breaking out of an obstinate and contagious fever in the valley. Within twenty-four hours after the appearance of the first case symptoms of the same disease manifested themselves in several others. The poor people were thrown into consternation, and showed the wildest inefficiency in ministering to the wants of those already stricken down.

Dr. Lashley found the work which seemed necessary among them in the last degree repulsive to his fastidious sense. He was unwilling to acknowledge, even to himself, how much he shrank from uniting the office of nurse to that of physician in these miserable abodes. He was anxious to leave nothing undone which duty and humanity could suggest in the case; still, as almost every day added to his list of patients, he found strength and courage failing.

Helen, going into her kitchen one morning, found Bridget Mahoney, her maid-of-all-work, sobbing bitterly over her wash-tub, and learned, on inquiry, that the poor girl's father and mother were both lying sick of the fever. Helen made Bridget dry her hands and eyes, while she herself packed a huge basket with articles useful in illness. Then, having sent the girl to her home, she put her own white hands in the tub, and finished the week's washing.

At noon Dr. Lashley made a hurried call, looking sadly worn and harassed. Helen, even while she noticed the pallor of his face, felt an indefinable disappointment that he spoke almost as much of his own sleeplessness and watching as of the condition of the poor sufferers, some of whom seemed vibrating between life and death.

"Tim Flaherty's child died this morning," he said; "and John O'Rourke, and Pat Reagan are quite past help. Oh, my dear Helen! I am utterly worn out with what I have seen and endured in those hovels!"

She did not see him again until the next afternoon, when, standing at the gate, she saw his chaise driving rapidly up the street. He wore a linen traveling suit, and a portmanteau lay beside him on the seat.

"Not going away, Dr. Lashley?" she exclaimed, as he drew rein and sprang out with extended hand.

"To the beach, for a few days," he answered, without noticing the tone of surprise in which she had spoken. "I am very sorry to be obliged to leave now; but I have not been well for some months, and the strain of the last two weeks has been terrible for me. I feel it to be an imperative duty which I owe to myself and my work in life to give myself the short rest which alone can save me from utter prostration."

"So you will leave those poor people to die?"

"My dear Helen!" Dr. Lashley looked both surprised and grieved. "Harris, my student, will give them the closest attention; besides"—he hesitated a moment—"there is Dr. Arnam, you know, at the Corners."

"The one an inexperienced boy, the other a heartless quack!"

"Helen! you are very hasty in your judgment of Dr. Arnam, and as for Harris—why, Helen, he has shown wonderful ability in these very cases, and I have spared no pains to make him fully understand the line of treatment I wish him to follow. Remember, it is only a careful balancing of the apparently conflicting claims of duty which has decided me to go."

He spoke earnestly, and with a look and tone which showed how entirely he felt himself misjudged.

"There comes the train, Dr. Lashley—you will be late!" said Helen, letting her hand rest on his a moment, and then drawing it away.

He stood an instant longer, with an expression of painful indecision on his handsome face; then he said, hastily, "Good-by, Helen! My dear Helen, I am sure that a moment's thought will convince you that I am acting for the best!" and so was gone.

Helen Darrell stood quite still for a few moments; then she turned and walked with a firm step up the garden-walk, through the hall, and into the pleasant library, where her father sat reading in his easy-chair. She stood behind him, and drew his head backward, looking into his eyes.

"Well, Lady Nell?"

"Papa, I am going to help nurse those sick people."

Squire Darrell gave a great start.

"Helen! Child! What are you thinking of?"

She put her soft hand over his lips.

"Not a word, little papa! I'm your spoiled daughter, you know. You can't deny me any thing—you have said so a thousand times."

"But, Helen, this is worse than folly—it's absolute insanity! What could *you* do?"

"A little, I hope; I wish I could do a great deal more. Papa! some of them are dying, and Dr. Lashley has gone away!"

"Gone away! and where?"

"To the beach—he's ill, he said, papa," in a low tone, with her brown eyes clear and steady; "if mamma were alive she would have gone before this time. Sha'n't I go?"

"My darling!" said Squire Darrell, and drew her down into his arms."

A few hours later John Everdale, bending over poor Pat Reagan, and trying to arouse him from the deep stupor into which he was constantly falling, looked up to see Helen Darrell standing at the door. His face grew very pale for an instant, but there was no other sign of surprise.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Darrell," he said, with his bright smile transfiguring all his face. He did not say,

"You here, Miss Darrell?" His whole manner seemed to recognize her right and pleasure to be there, and Helen felt that his very silence paid her a truer and more delicate compliment than Dr. Lashley's most elaborate period could ever have conveyed.

"Tell me what to do, John," she said, using the old, familiar address of her childhood.

"I fear I shall make but a poor teacher," he answered; "but if you could take my place here I could go somewhere else where help is needed. Poor Mrs. Reagan is trying to sleep a little. Patrick is very quiet, as you see; there is little to be done beyond keeping his lips moistened with this sponge—and pray don't let him sleep too heavily."

Helen sat down by the bedside, and John went out, but soon came back, saying, "You know where Mary Morrison lives, Miss Helen? The next cabin but one is hers. Her little child looks badly—head and hands burning hot. If you could help her get it into a warm bath, and show her what to do, it might throw off an attack."

Helen went gladly to do as she was bidden, and came by-and-by, laden with the blessings of the anxious mother, to report the child sleeping sweetly.

Wherever she went the praises of "Mr. Iverdale" were sounded in her ears, and she realized, as never before, how much confidence and courage a strong will, clear head, and warm heart may infuse into an ignorant and suffering community.

"I hope Dr. Lashley is not very ill?" John said, anxiously, as they parted for the night; and Helen felt her cheeks flush hotly as she answered, "He will soon be able to come back, I think."

That night a strong tempest tore down from the mountains, terrible in the hour of its strength and fury, but leaving the atmosphere cool and pure behind it. The sick, except such as were past recovery, began to mend under the favorable change, and fresh life and hope were astir in "New Dublin."

Those few days in which John Everdale stood side by side with Helen Darrell at the couch of the sick and dying had been days of deep suffering as well as of cheerful work for God and man. The old struggle in his heart was aroused in tenfold strength by the sight of her noble and untiring ministry—the very touch of her hand and sound of her voice had power to thrill him to the very depths of his nature.

A sudden summons to the sick bed of her father's only sister took Helen from her self-imposed task, and she left Shelbyville on the evening before Dr. Lashley, refreshed and invigorated, came back to his "work."

Helen herself returned in October, on the first day of the County Agricultural Fair at Shelbyville. If any one of her accomplishments could take precedence of another in her father's eyes it was her daring and graceful horsemanship, and to please him she consented, year by year, to enter the list of lady-riders on the closing day of the Fair.

"I am afraid Wisp will be in poor training, papa," said Helen, as they sat together in the porch, on the evening of her arrival at home. "And, by-the-way, have you found a mate for Racer yet."

"No, unless John Everdale should sell me that gray of his. John is going to sell out his farm and leave—did I tell you? And sorry I am for it, too. There he is now! I'll call him in and ask him about the gray."

Between the gate and the house John Everdale steeled his nerves to meet Helen calmly and achieved a brave success. If he had been less preoccupied with his own emotions he might have noticed an unaccustomed tremor in her voice.

"So you are going away, John?" she said, as her father went indoors for a moment.

"Yes, I am talking of it," he answered. "I hear that a real city is being laid out at last on my Western—I had almost said my Spanish estates," he added, with a laugh that tried to be cheery, "and who knows of the fortune that may be stored for me in corner-lots? At any rate I'm going to look after my own interests on the ground."

"Why do you go away?"

He looked at her with all the hungry, hopeless yearning of his soul in his eyes. Sure enough! Why did he go away? Could he breathe the same air she breathed—be warmed in the same light that shone upon her, and yet—

Dr. Lashley's chaise stopped at the gate.

"Helen Darrell," said John, with a white heat smothered in his eyes, and the veins knotted on his forehead as if in some mortal pang, "I can not—*dare* not stay!"

It was not Dr. Lashley, but young Harris who handed to Helen a note and a little packet, and then drove away again.

"What is it, Nell dear?" said Squire Darrell, coming out.

"Only a note from Dr. Lashley," answered Helen, speaking rapidly. "He has but just heard that I am at home; would call to-night, but is sent for suddenly; will be at the Fair Grounds to-morrow, and hopes to see me wear the scarlet ribbon he sends me—his favorite color!" Then turning, with a quick lowering of her voice, she said, "What is your color, John?"

It seemed a cruel taunt, but all John's manliness and self-respect came to his aid as he answered, with a smile, "True-blue, Miss Helen!"

The next morning dawned without a cloud. From far and near the country-people crowded to the Fair Grounds. A great throng surged in and about the gayly-decorated booths, and in the cattle-yard the farmers were discussing the relative merits of Durham and Devonshire, Old English and Merino. At last the hour appointed for the riding arrived. The crowd arranged itself as best it might, surrounding the course, and the judges took their places on the stand.

John Everdale looked on wearily from a distance as the dash commenced. Nearer and nearer came the graceful riders—a little girl in a green habit and plumed jockey taking the lead; but just as they passed him, rounding the curve, the gray Arab, Wisp, shot ahead with Helen Darrell. John's heart gave a wild leap and stood still; but it was not the matchless face, flushed and eager, that had thrilled him so. He had scarcely glanced at the slender figure holding its seat in the saddle with a pliant firmness wonderful to see. There, streaming backward from her throat, a single dash of color on the black background of her riding-habit—not Dr. Lashley's scarlet token, but a ribbon that might have stolen its azure from some star-eyed violet in summer meadows.

When Dr. Lashley made his way through the crowd, mounted on his handsome black, and laid his hand with ill-concealed vexation on Helen's embroidered bridle-reins—the prize of the day's success—she bowed her thanks, but said: "I have another escort, Dr. Lashley!" and so rode out from the inclosure with John Everdale at her side.

Not a word was spoken; but, as if by instinct, they turned aside into a more unfrequented way, and as the trees of the grove shut out all curious glances behind them, they turned and looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you, Helen! it is all I can do," said John Everdale, simply.

A bright blush spread over Helen Darrell's upturned face. She touched Wisp quickly with her riding-whip, and as John looked after her wonderingly, backward on the breeze came the refrain of an old ballad:

"'And I've no heart to give him,
For he has it now!'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I BELIEVE my fate will be like Abel's," said a wife one day. "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

◆

Mrs. H. More was reproved by a gentleman for taking snuff. He observed he had never heard one good reason urged in favor of the practice. She replied she could give him half a dozen, and immediately repeated the following impromptu:

You say six reasons are enough
To justify my taking snuff.
First, you'll allow in every nation
The prejudice of education;
The fashion, too, you must confess,
Weighs with the ladies more or less;
When to dull company confined,
It serves to amuse the vacant mind;
It next affords us some protection
Against the dangers of infection;
And, though it may not suit your case,
It shows a hand, an arm, a grace.
And if you'll have another still,
What think you of a woman's will?

◆

PACIFIC MALES—Hen-pecked husbands.

◆

A woman named Virtue Innocent has been fined in London for unjust weights.

◆

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

◆

An Indiana paper says that ladies out here who wear number seven, eight, and nine boots—and such are the majority—oppose the new short-dress style.

◆

A WALL STREET CONUNDRUM.—Why is a forged note like a whisper?—Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

◆

An American traveler in Paris having occasion for a hair-cutter sent for one. At the appointed time an elegantly-attired person arrived, and the gentleman sat down before his dressing-case to prepare for the operation. The man walked round his "client" once or twice, and finally taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoisseur looking at a picture. "Well," said the American, impatiently, "when are you going to begin?" "Pardon me, Sir," was the polite reply; "I am not the operative, but the *physiognomist*. Adolphe!" he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from the hall; "*a la Virgil!*" With this laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged the artist retired.

◆

A French marquis was riding out one day when he passed an old priest riding along contentedly on a donkey.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?"

"On horseback, my son," replied the priest.

◆

Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister for the purpose of being married. Being questioned if they had been published: "Oh, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife more 'an a week ago."

◆

People who have been laying up for a rainy day ought this season to be found among the most liberal of customers.

THE SINGLE STATE.

Come, all ye single gentlemen,
Listen while I relate
To you the blessed pleasures
Of the happy single state.
First, you can go out evenings,
And you need not hurry home.
For you have no frowning Madam
To say, "How late you come!"

And if you meet with *friends*
Whose *health* you chance to drink,
You will never have to hear,
"You've been drinking, Sir, I think."
And then, when sick or tired,
You retire with your woes,
You have no crying children
To break your calm repose.

And if from your white bosom
You should sometimes chance to miss
A shining little button,
Console yourself with this—
That 'tis not a wife unfaithful
Who has left your bed and board,
To seek a "better climate"
With a handsomer liege lord.

Then, old bachelors, remember
All the pleasures of your life;
Live on in single-blessedness,
And never seek a wife.
But when life's journey's ended,
Be sure you seek repose
In a land that's free from *women*,
And all earth's other woes.

◆

A matron, under cross-examination as a witness, turned up her nose at the insinuation that her daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that my daughter should marry a second-hand man!"

◆

Abel P—— had a spite against Squire B——. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the Squire was a mean man. "Mean!" said Abel, "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat."

◆

"Pa, are cannibals people that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody."

◆

"My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm around you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately complied with it.

◆

NOTE BY OUR NATURALIST.—It is a fallacy to suppose that a fox is jubilant when carrying home a fat goose to his larder; on the contrary, he never feels more "down in the mouth."

◆

A little four-year-old having heard her father call her younger brother "a little shaver," and desiring afterward to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "*Oh, you little barber shop!*"

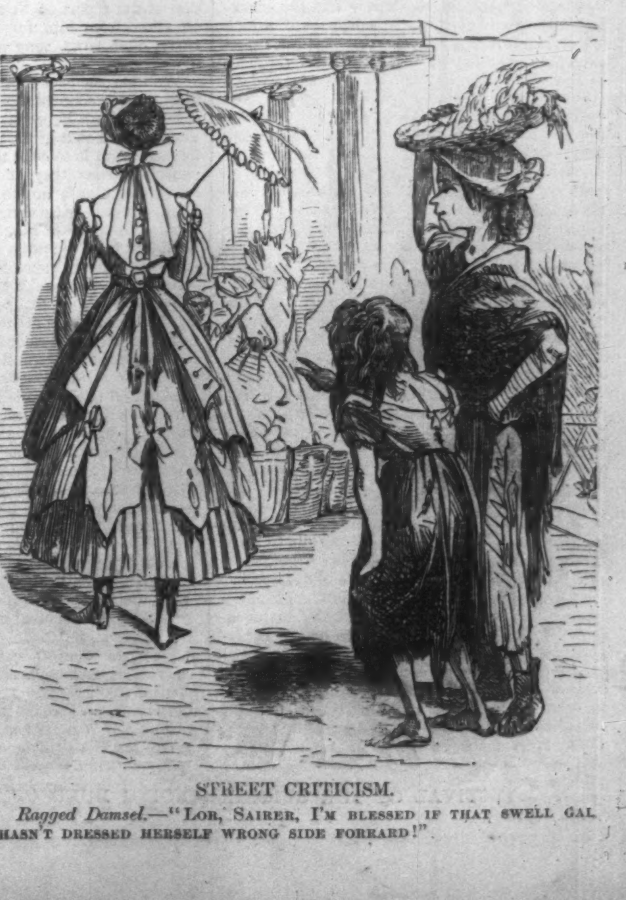
◆

CURRENT LITERATURE.—"Books in the running brooks."

◆

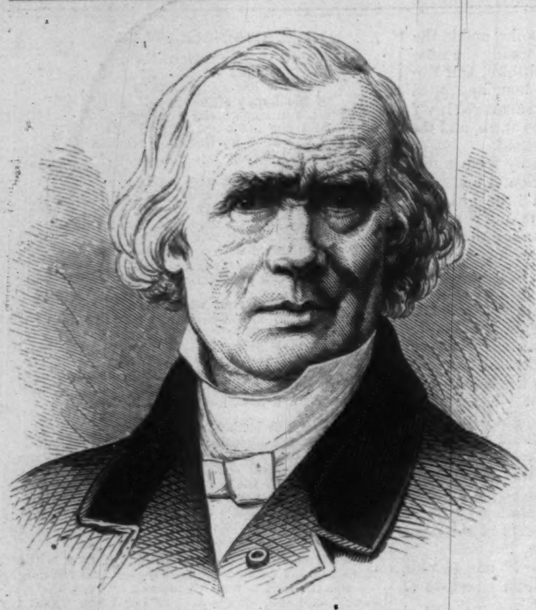
LOVE'S LIMIT.

I'd swear for her,
I'd tear for her,
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her,
I'd sigh for her,
I'd drink Big Muddy dry for her;
I'd "cuss" for her,
Do "wuss" for her,
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her;
I'd weep for her,
I'd leap for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd fight for her,
I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her,
I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without my "feed" for her;
I'd shoot for her,
I'd boot for her
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;
I'd kneel for her,
I'd steal for her,
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her,
I'd glide for her,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her,
I'd cry for her,
But—hang me if I'd die for her.
N. B.—Or any other woman.



STREET CRITICISM.

Ragged Damsel.—"LOR, SAIRER, I'M BLESSED IF THAT SWELL GAL HASN'T DRESSED HERSELF WRONG SIDE FORRARD!"



THE LATE ALFRED ARMAND VELPEAU, THE FRENCH SURGEON.

VELPEAU, THE EMINENT FRENCH SURGEON.

THE French medical world has suffered severely this year in the loss of its brightest ornaments. The last bereavement was that of the celebrated physician and surgeon, **ALFRED ARMAND LOUIS MARIE VELPEAU**, who died on the 20th of August, and whose portrait we annex.

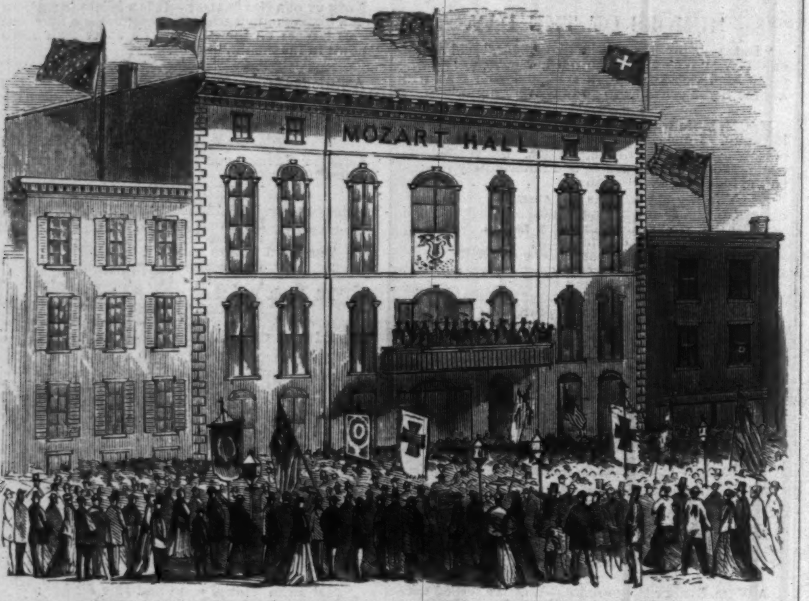
M. **VELPEAU** was a remarkable instance of a self-made man. The son of a farmer, he passed his earliest youth in assisting his father at his trade. He taught himself to read and write; ere long his intense love of study attracted the notice of wealthy patrons, who sent him to school, and aided him to enter his chosen career. He was always a hard worker; abrupt in manner and repellent at first sight, he was warmly loved by those who knew the goodness concealed under his rough exterior. He was wont to say that emotion was the stumbling-block of surgeons, in proof of which he would quote an anecdote of his friend and master, **DUPUYTREN**, who, while performing one of the simplest operations on a beloved friend, was overcome by his feelings, the knife slipped, and the patient expired in his arms. Innumerable stories are told of his abruptness, to which this incident may furnish a key. His reputation was world-wide, and his death calls forth universal regret.

THE SANGERFEST.

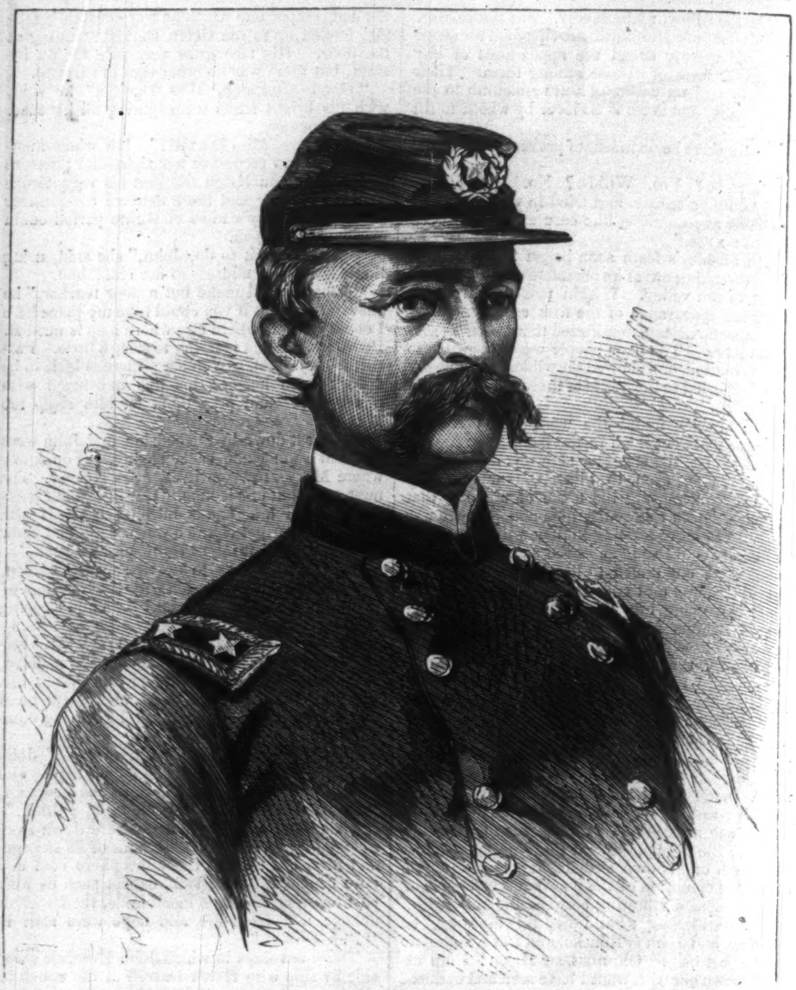
THE Fifteenth Sangerfest, or Festival of the German Singing Bands of North America, was held this year at Indianapolis, Indiana. It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that these festivals of the Sangerbunds are demonstrations of a modern type, introduced into Germany about thirty years ago, and very popular with the musical people of that country. When the movement was first started in Germany the people engaged in it with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm—zeal not unlike but more constant than that which we Americans display in the pursuit of riches, the madness of politics, or the excitements of yachting, and like national outdoor sports. Naturally this national and rational amusement of singing came to this country with the German emigrants; and soon musical associations were established in all parts of the United States. Several years ago a union of these societies was arranged; and delegates from each now assemble annually at some central city and hold a festival, at which singing is the chief entertainment.

Our engravings show the exteriors of Sænger and Mozart Halls at Indianapolis, in which the Festival of September 2, 3, 4, and 5 was held. The front of Sænger Hall has figures representing Germania and Columbia in the centre, with Orion on the right, and Orpheus on the left. A flag-staff surmounts the centre of the building, from which the American flag floats. The interior of the building was richly decorated.

The Festival was opened on September 3 by Governor **BAKER** of Indiana, who welcomed the bands in a short but appropriate speech. He was seconded by the Mayor of Indianapolis; and a reply was made by the President of the Union. Four concerts were given, and the Festival ended with a grand ball.



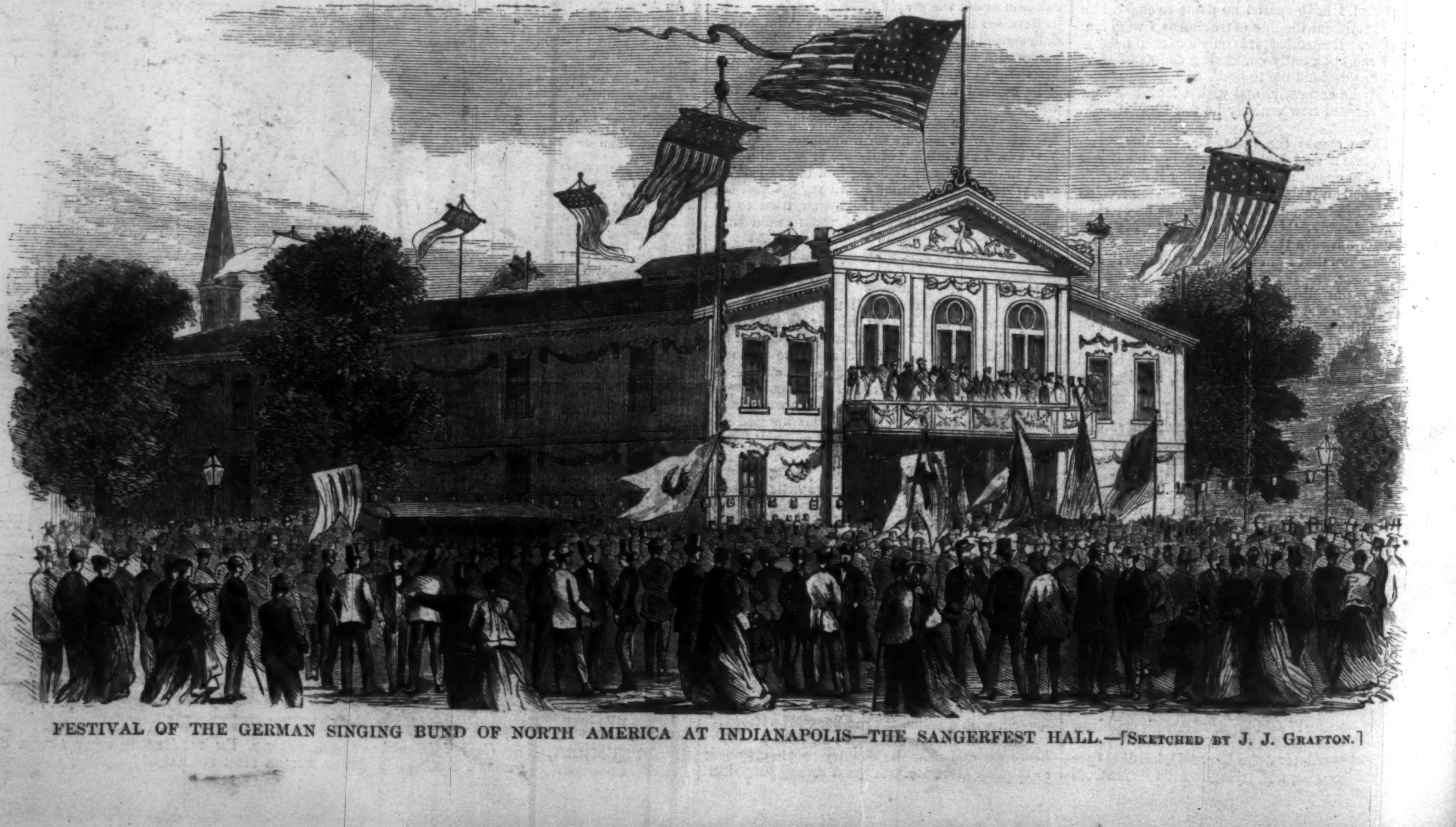
THE SANGERFEST AT INDIANAPOLIS—EXTERIOR OF MOZART HALL.



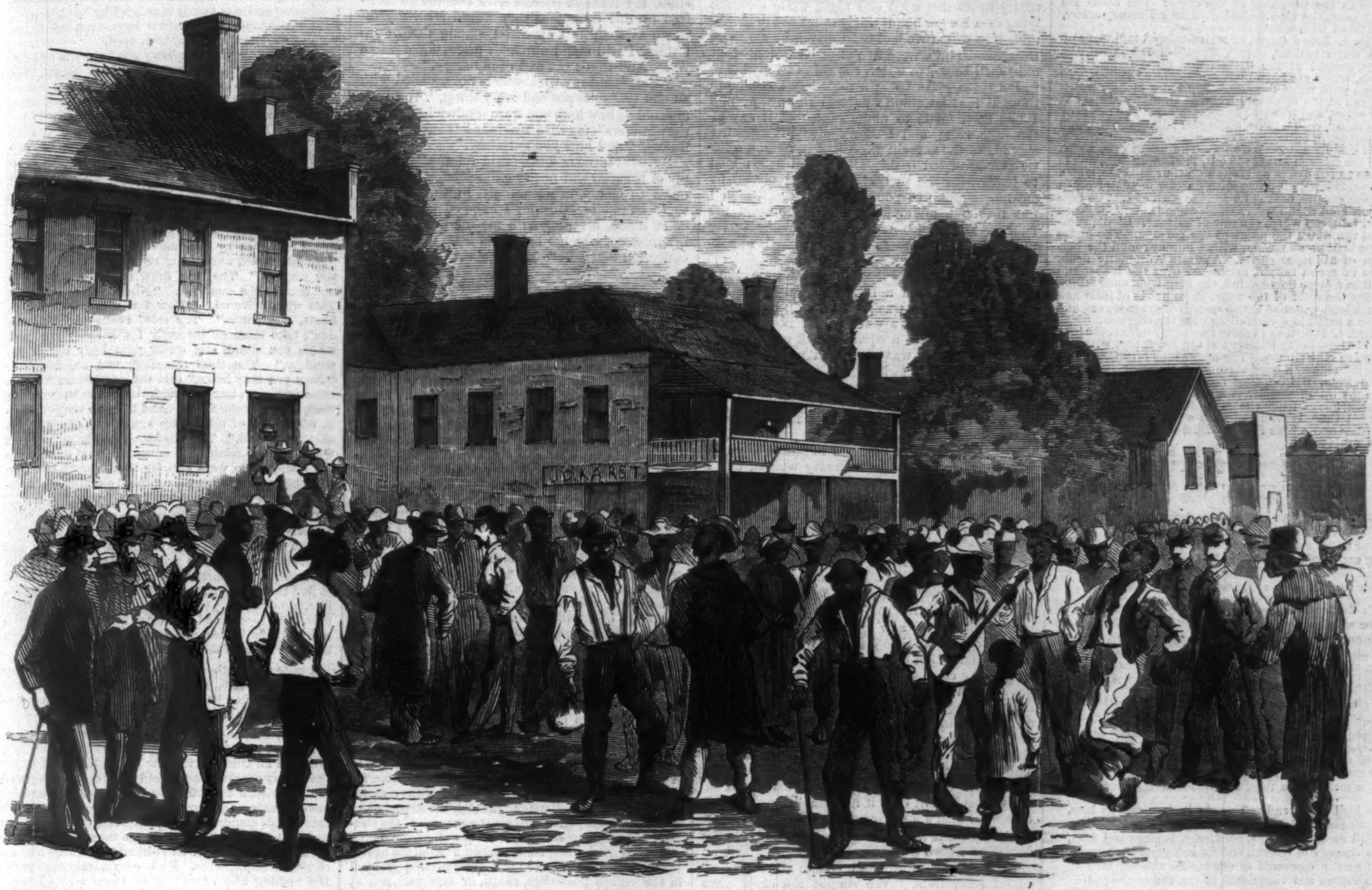
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRIFFIN.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN of the regular army, and temporarily Commander of the Fifth Military District, died at Galveston, Texas, on September 15, of yellow-fever. General **GRIFFIN** was one of the many young and adventurous spirits who made a reputation and won a position in the army during the late war. He graduated at West Point just in time to serve in Mexico, but when the late rebellion broke out he had only attained the rank of Lieutenant of artillery. He served through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, winning his star at Bull Run and his double stars in the Wilderness under **GRANT**. After the removal of General **WARREN** by General **SHERIDAN**, at the battle of Five Forks, General **GRIFFIN** assumed command of the Fifth Corps and conducted it in the pursuit of **LEE** and until the end of the war. At the close of the rebellion he was placed in command of the State of Texas, and on the removal of General **SHERIDAN** succeeded him in command of the Fifth District, and was *en route* to New Orleans at the time of his death.



FESTIVAL OF THE GERMAN SINGING BUND OF NORTH AMERICA AT INDIANAPOLIS—THE SANGERFEST HALL.—[SKETCHED BY J. J. GRAFTON.]



REGISTRATION AT THE SOUTH—SCENE AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.]

REGISTRATION SCENES.

WE give on this page one of the scenes lately made familiar in the South—a registration, not an election, scene. The late slaves of the South have exhibited unusual interest in the work of registration, their first necessary step toward securing the privilege of suffrage which they estimate so highly Our sketch was made from an actual scene in the little mountain town of Asheville, North Carolina, but it will as well apply to all parts of the South.

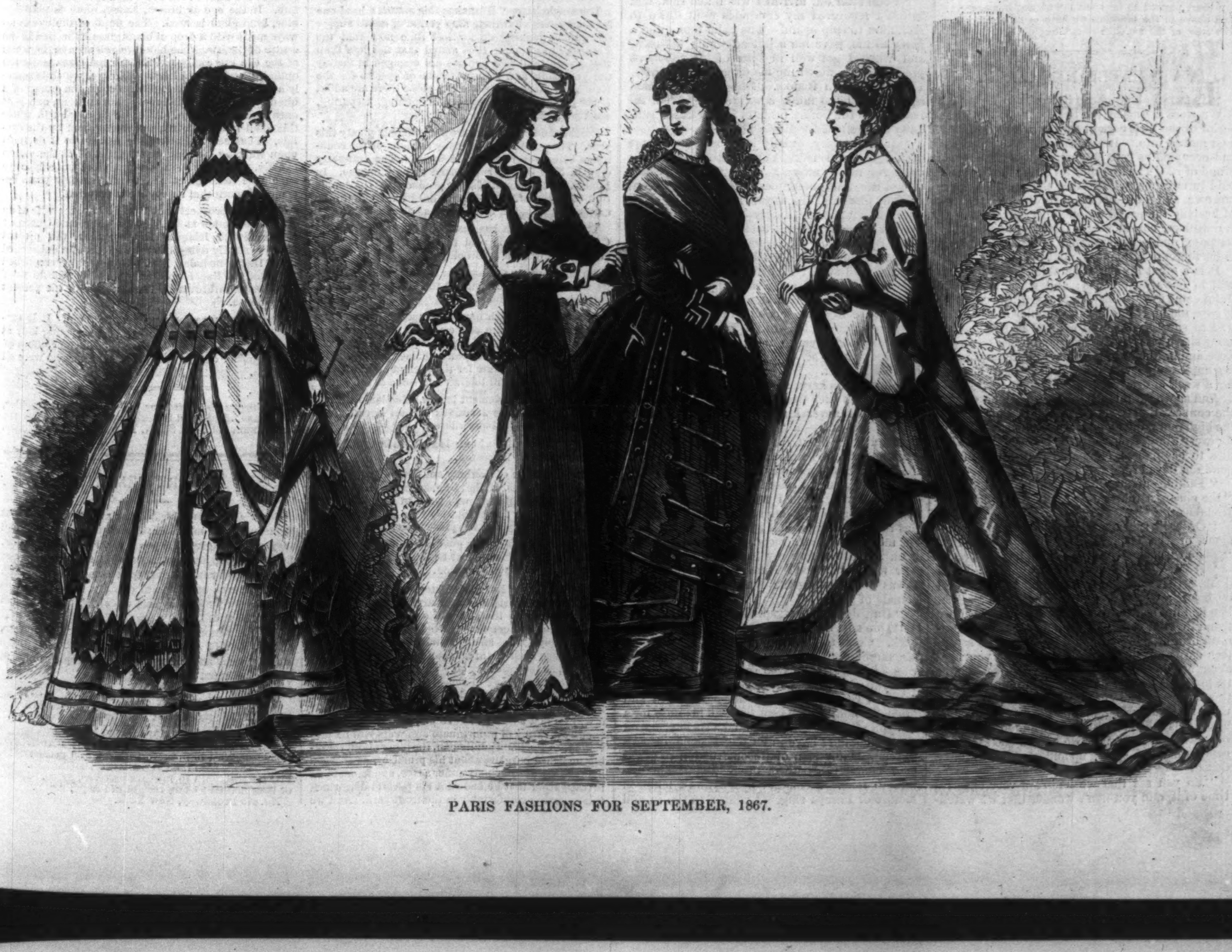
The work of registration has been going on for several months past, and has been completed in several of the States; and the result shows that in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Texas the colored voters are in the majority, and, being united in opinion and policy, can easily control the elections in those States. The white majority in Virginia is not great; in North Carolina it promises to be less; and South Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi will probably be controlled by the colored vote; so that in all probability the colored voters, even without the assistance of the loyal whites, will carry in the approaching State, as well as in future national contests, eight out of the ten unconstructed States.

PARIS FASHIONS.

IN the *Weekly* for August 31 we devoted very considerable space to an illustrated description of the then prevailing Paris fashions. It will be seen by our engraving in this Number that the changes have not been very great. Change in fashion at this particular season of the year has to be sought for at the watering-places rather than in the capitals.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress à Deux Jupes*, in alpaca of some light neutral tint, the under jupe bordered with two narrow bands of mauve or rose color taffeta. The upper jupe, which is looped up very high behind, is trimmed round the bottom with a series of ornaments in taffeta, strung, as it were, upon a band, and diminishing in size as they approach the waist. A similar trimming ornaments the short mantle paletot round the bottom, at the collar, the shoulders and the cuffs, and the lappets of the long sash. The white hat is



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1867.

bordered with velvet, and a palm sprig of the same color as the trimming of the dress. The boots are light-gray, the tops turned over *au col mousquetaire*, and faced with mauve or rose color.

Fig. 2. *Robe à Queue*, of maize-colored taffeta, or of fine white mohair, over a lemon-colored jupon, the skirt shaped at the bottom and up the sides into teeth, which are bound with gold-colored ribbon, and edged with white guipure. The loose jacket, which is open at the sides and front, is similarly shaped at the edges, and trimmed to correspond. The hat is of rice straw, with a large white veil falling behind, and a bouquet of butter-cups in front.

Fig. 3. *Robe à Deux Jupes.*—The upper one, which has the corsage attached to it, is of black silk, and is made to wrap over and fasten on the right side, which is ornamented all down with narrow bands of green passementerie, having buttons at each end. The jupe is bordered round with a double band of narrow green silk, between which is a row of buttons. Similar buttons run down the point of the corsage. The under jupe is of green taffeta, with a border round the bottom of a deeper shade. A Marie Antoinette fichu, also of green taffeta, is crossed over the breast and tied in a large bow behind, the long wide ends falling down the skirt of the robe. The hat is of tulle and black lace, trimmed with a wreath of green leaves, and with a small lace veil falling over the chignon.

Fig. 4. *Toilette de Visite* in pearl-gray taffeta, the long under jupe being trimmed at the lower part with five rows of blue ribbon. The upper jupe is caught up on the left side by a band of ribbon falling from the waist. The high, tight-fitting corsage has loose sleeves, caught up in somewhat similar fashion by a band which hangs from the shoulder. The chapeau, of puffed tulle, is trimmed with a small white ostrich-feather and a blue flower. Blue kid boots are worn with this toilet.

A GAME THAT WAS PLAYED.

BEYOND the grove is the croquet-ground,
Guarded by solemn oaks around;
Half in the sunshine, and half in the shade,
Its carpet of mottled green is laid,
And above, in the branches, I've often heard
The song of some sweet-voiced singing bird.

It's the loveliest place in the world to play
The wonderful game we call Croquet;
So much like the greater game men call Life,
With its selfishness, rivalry, passion, and strife;
Its cheating and winking and flirting and fun,
Its plottings and plans, which are ever undone.

With its glad looks and mad looks, and chatter and charm,
This doing of good and this doing of harm,
This helping our friends and hurting our foes,
And all aiming straight for one stake at the close;
These strokes of good-luck and fortunate scratches,
This making fine runs, and this making of matches.

Its hard words and soft words, its love and its hate,
Apologies, pardons, and fights against fate;
With its stubbornness, gallantries, hopings and fears,
Its screams of delight, and its half-suppressed tears
At getting croqueted or missing an aim—
Its victors and vanquished at the end of the game.

Full many a game have I played in my day
Of this wonderful, charming, and cruel croquet,
But the chief one of all was one sweet afternoon
In the sad month, the mad month, the glad month of June,
Cousin Alice and Lulu, and Robert and I,
We played till the sun was croqueted from the sky.

Well, we won, Al and I, but through the dim wood
Lu and I wandered homeward in lover-like mood;
We had quarreled, repented—now I to Louise:
"We'll be partners to-morrow, if your ladyship please."
Then she: "I play better on your side, I know,
Because—well, because—I think you help me so."

"To-morrow not only, O love!" I replied,
"For ever and ever be thou on my side!"
O dim wood, O dark wood, O sky blushing red!
My heart pressed to hers felt the answer it made—
And above in the branches we both of us heard
The song of the sweetest-voiced singing bird.

A VALUABLE NECKLACE.

"TALKING about cheap living."

We were sitting by the little stove in the little parlor of the little cottage that my wife and I had just moved into. It was the first house that we had occupied as sole tenants, and we were very proud of it. The first quarter's rent having been paid in advance, we felt that the premises were our own, and took liberties accordingly. Instead of keeping the parlor for state occasions we used it ourselves, considering it none too fine for that purpose, and were cracking nuts and drinking cider therein on this particular evening.

It is a great luxury to be able to do what one will in one's own house; and when my friend John came in with his wife to spend the evening, it gave me no little pleasure to offer him a cigar and to smoke with him, without fear of having some sharp-visaged landlady poking her outraged nose among the curtains and faughing and making unpleasant remarks about the "nasty smoke" for a week afterward.

And as we sat there smoking and sipping cider the conversation turned upon the cost of living—the high rents, the high prices that we have to pay for every thing, from butter to bonnets, from candles to cassimeres, compared with those of the good old days of hard money.

"Talking about cheap living," said John; "the cheapest that I ever found was among the Kanakas."

"Order!" said my wife, who attends the sessions of the General Assembly occasionally. "The gentleman from the Pacific has the floor."

"It was about eighteen years ago," continued John, "that I ran away from home and shipped on board a whaler bound for the North Pacific. We had not been out in blue water long when we found that our captain was an overbearing, tyrannical brute. How he could swear! The seventeen-cornered, high Dutch oaths that you read about are nothing to the torrent of curses that he let loose whenever things didn't suit him—which was always. The cat was his remedy for every thing that was wrong, and he kept it going lively. There was a little Portuguese who fell overboard one day, and as soon as we had rescued him the captain had him strung up and gave him a round dozen.

"So you see that we hadn't a very cheerful time of it, and you don't wonder that we watched for chances to run away. I found no opportunity to do this until one night while we were lying in a harbor about thirty miles above Honolulu, into which we had been driven by stress of weather. There were five of us on watch—four old 'shell-backs' to watch the ship and myself to watch them. As I was a mere boy the captain thought that I wouldn't dare to run away, and I had been made to understand that if any of the others did, and I didn't give the alarm, I should, as the captain expressed it, 'catch a little star-spangled h–ll.' But I had determined to leave with the rest, and prepared myself by stealing about five pounds of tobacco, which I put into a handkerchief and tied around my neck. You ladies may turn up your pretty noses at this, but it was the most valuable necklace that I ever wore.

"When all hands except the watch were asleep we quietly lowered a boat and pulled for the shore. The water was pretty rough, but we got along finely until we were within about half a mile of land, when a squall struck us and upset the boat. There was no use in trying to right her, so we had to swim for it. It was ticklish business, for the harbor was full of sharks, and the thought of furnishing one of them with the material for a midnight banquet was decidedly disagreeable. I would have given a great deal just then to have been at home in mother's kitchen. The tobacco was rather a heavy weight, but I knew how valuable it would be to me if I got ashore. If I didn't, it might sicken the shark that gobbled me—which reflection comforted me not a little. Don't be shocked, for I believe that I owe my life to this thought. The very ludicrousness of it amused me and kept me from becoming frightened and helpless. Think what a commotion five pounds of 'Navy' would cause among a shark's internal arrangements!

"I don't know how long I was in the water; but it seemed an age before I reached a little point of land that ran out into the bay. I found two of my comrades already there, and another joined us a few minutes afterward. Poor Sparling never reached the land, and we never found a trace of him. We were so exhausted after our swim that we lay down and slept till the sun, shining on our faces, woke us and we saw the ship sailing away. A fair wind had risen in the night, and the captain was doubtless afraid of losing the benefit of it if he waited long enough to send a boat's crew in search of us.

"There was a little river that emptied into the bay near where we were. We followed this up till we came to a Kanaka village consisting of about forty huts. We sought the chief, gave him a pound of tobacco, and so acquired all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship.

"And now it was that my tobacco became useful. I had four pounds of it left, and it paid for my board and lodging during the whole time that I was a citizen of the island. For a piece as large as four of my fingers two natives went to work and put up a very comfortable hut made of boughs and leaves and grass. For a similar piece a Kanaka woman carpeted it with matting and furnished it with beds of dry moss. I gave a boy one small 'chaw,' and he brought us fish enough for supper; and for another built an oven of flat stones, fried the fish, and served them up with a dessert of wild fruits.

"Soon after our arrival I was taken sick, and before I recovered my comrades went down to Honolulu to ship again. The chief took quite a fancy to me, gave me a hut adjoining his own, and, when I got well in spite of his villainous prescriptions, offered me his daughter for a wife. I declined with thanks. She was short and squabby and too much a widow. She had already been the bonny bride of half a dozen runaway sailors.

"It was a lazy, quietly jolly, *sans souci* sort of a life that I led. You have an idea what *dolce far niente* means? That was the perfection of it. And sometimes, when I get bothered over my pleas and demurrers, and my head aches with studying some knotty question of the law of real property, I look back to it with not a little regret—or did before I was married. There was nothing to do but to sleep and eat and fish and swim; and if I had bad luck fishing, I only had to draw from my bank a piece of tobacco as big as a domino and buy all I wanted. There were no gas-bills or water-rates to pay, no butcher's bills to dispute, no enormous taxes to growl over, no notes falling due, no distress for rent, no scrimping and scraping to make both ends meet. We had no servant-girls to smash our crockery, abuse our wives, and leave us just when they were most wanted. While I was there I never knew what it was to feel a sinking sensation—a 'goneness'—in the neighborhood of the heart, caused by hearing the bowl clink against the bottom of the flour-barrel about the time that my rent was due, and I didn't know how I was going to raise it.

"I tell you, when I think of the way taxes and rents are piling themselves up, of the cavities that the butcher and the miller and the grocer make in a man's income—when I place my bank account before my mind's eye and think how nearly 'scooped' I am, I almost wish that I was beck among the Kanakas with my five pounds of 'Navy.'"

"But, John," interrupted Mrs. John.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; I'm not going back. Come to think of it, I suspect that I would lose more than I would gain. In the first place, I would be deprived of your society; for I couldn't take you with me. Unless you could swim like a fish and ride a half-wild bull, barebacked and 'man-fashion,' with a ring through his nose for a bit, you wouldn't shine in Kanaka society. And then, I couldn't have any Congressional debates to read, or any plan of Reconstruction to advocate, or any test oath or other 'Plantation Bitters' to take. I couldn't hear Anna Dickinson lecture or Parepa sing. I couldn't drop in and smoke your cigars and drink your cider. Besides, my Kanaka friends have become so civilized by this time that they would steal my tobacco as soon as I appeared among them. So I think I will stand our high prices for a while yet. And that's the end of my story."

"But," said my wife, who is not satisfied with an end that does not end every thing, "you have not told us how long you were sandwiched among the islanders" (my wife does better than this sometimes), "and how you got away."

"About three months," said John. "My supply of tobacco was nearly exhausted, and I went down to Honolulu for more. Finding a vessel there bound for Boston, I shipped on her and came home, bringing with me the last ounce of my tobacco, which I keep in a little numismatic collection that I have got together."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"TOWN meeting" in a quiet country village! What a bustle and stir it makes! Perhaps, good reader, you never happened to be rusticating in rural districts on the eventful day when votes were cast for Governor, and lesser officers of State, county, and town. But it is worth seeing—that eager crowd of well-to-do farmers, staid merchants, and hard-working mechanics flocking around the "polls"—and worth hearing the impromptu speech, the grave private counsel, the excited exclamation, the whispered *aside* of an electioneering candidate, or the earnest rebuke of a patriotic man. The village is full, the principal street is lined with horses and wagons, for from far and near the worthy farmers have come with a double object in view—first, to *vote;* secondly, to sell their butter, cheese, and apples at the highest market-price. So every wagon is laden with various commodities, and the patient horse stands waiting before the shops until his owner has cast his ticket. The Town House is the centre of attraction; motley groups cluster outside, orderly enough, yet in eager confabulation, not unmixed with loud words and rapid gesticulations. In these latter days modesty is not a characteristic of candidates, and electioneering and distributing votes for one's self is thought quite the thing *by some.* Watch a bit. That nervous-looking Democrat (you can class him on physiological principles), is "hail, fellow, well met" with that honest-eyed Republican. Listen. "How are you? Glad to see you. Have you voted?" "Yes, I have; but I didn't vote for *you!*" A rough diamond, it may be, but we need more for our country's sake. The day wears slowly away. While busy men are bustling through the streets quiet women in quiet parlors discuss the chances of the election, and throw their influence into one scale or the other. With evening come "returns" from the nearer towns, which are reported to eager listeners, grouped in the village post-office, shops, or taverns. But at ten o'clock a hush has stolen over the populace; the streets are still; and one after another the lights disappear from cottage windows. Election-day is over.

Once upon a time, during some revolutionary movement in France, an excited workman called at the banking-house of the Rothschilds and demanded that a division of riches be made, saying that no one had a right to be richer than another. The banker handed him a *sou* for his portion of what was in their hands, and the man feeling the absurdity of his demand at once left the banker undisturbed. More than one moral may be deduced from this incident. Without dwelling upon the most obvious, as many single *sous* make up the marvelous wealth of the Rothschilds, so every separate *vote* goes to swell the grand total for our country's honor or disgrace. "Let every man do his duty."

The magic letter "R" makes this month a hard one for the oysters after their long period of rest. People seem to be making up for lost time now that the "season" has come. It is stated that not less than 2500 vessels, and 8000 persons are engaged in merely the gathering and transportation of oysters for the New York market. In the city alone there are about 18,000 persons wholly engaged in opening, preparing, assorting, and packing.

Peaches and mosquitoes are uncommonly plenty this year. The potato crop in many sections of the country is being severely injured by rot. The cranberry crop in New Jersey is reported to be immense. In Louisiana the amount of sugar produced will be double that of last year. The season has been trying to the cotton crops, and in many sections disastrous.

The tower which has just been erected on Trinity Church, Brooklyn, is said to be the highest steeple either in New York or Brooklyn.

An enterprising mechanic in Illinois has built a buggy for the next President of the United States! A little ahead of the times.

The new cars which have been put on some of the city railroad lines are suggestive of cleanliness and comfort. They have no cushions, but the seats are made of alternate slats of oak and black walnut. This is a delightful substitute for the ancient and filthy upholstery which is still tolerated in some of the cars.

The Nicholson pavement is now being laid in Broad Street. If it proves a success in that street it will doubtless be adopted elsewhere.

A branch mercantile house is about to be established by A. T. Stewart in Boston.

After the union of Roxbury and Boston, which will, by the provisions of the Legislature, take place on January 1, 1868, Boston will rank in population the fourth city in the United States, New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn taking precedence.

A Bostonian has done a good deed in giving $15,000 to the Andover Theological Seminary for the formation of a tutorship in elocution.

An ingenious "Burglar's Detective" has just been patented. It consists of an alarm and combination lock, so arranged that, should a burglar attempt to enter a house, either through the door or window, it immediately sounds an alarm, indicates which door or window has been disturbed, and locks the door or the window, as the case may be. This contrivance seems superior to any thing of the kind hitherto invented. It will doubtless supersede the use of revolvers, for the burglar will run when the alarm sounds, and then it will be just as well to save one's powder. Consequently a variey of unfortunate accidents will be prevented. A Portland gentleman, the other night, thinking he heard burglars about his premises, discharged his revolver at somebody under a tree, and found upon investigation that he had shot his faithful dog which was snoozing comfortably in the front-yard. And we all remember about the lady who rose during the night to get some laudanum to relieve a distracting toothache, and was nearly murdered by her husband. Such mischances would never have occurred if the "Burgler's Detective" had been used.

A propos of burglars, a pretty good story is told: A Brooklyn gentleman was aroused at midnight by a suspicious noise. As he arose in bed he saw standing in the room a rough-looking man with a bludgeon in his hand. "What do you want here?" inquired the gentleman. "I want your money or your life," suddenly replied the thief. "You do, eh?" and slipping his hand under his pillow, the intended victim drew forth a splendid revolver, sprang from the bed, and presented it at the head of the thief. "Now, Sir, I want your money or your life," he continued, still presenting his revolver. The thief "comprehended the situation at a glance," and fairly "shook in his boots" as he stammered, "I will go out, Sir." "No you won't, until you give me your money; then you may go." The thief drew from his pocket $10 and handed the sum over. "Now I want your coat." This was delivered. "Now I will take your shirt, boots, and pants." The thief hesitated. "If you don't take them off instantly I will shoot you dead where you stand, and throw your body out of the window." The thief complied, and stood naked. "Now you may leave," said the gentleman, "by the same way you came—through that window, down the shed, and over the fence. And if I ever see you within fifty yards of this house again, day or night, I'll shoot you dead." The thief took his departure; but when the hero related his adventure next morning to the family, who were entirely undisturbed by it, he was obliged to exhibit his captured clothing and money to induce belief.

Don't be too hasty in accusing your servants of dishonesty, although it is important to be watchful. A lady in Brooklyn, while walking in her garden, not long since, observed a neatly-made birds-nest in a cedar bush. On closer examination she was surprised to find that it was formed principally of Valenciennes lace, about seven yards composing the lining of the nest. She recognized the lace as some she had missed a few weeks before, and had suspected it had been taken by some of the servants in the house.

A mite of a Methodist preacher, only one inch taller than Tom Thumb, is causing a great sensation in England. He often has audiences of four thousand people. His name is Noble.

A New England journal gives an interesting sketch of a colored young man who, some twenty years ago, attended an academy in New Hampshire, and by his exemplary character and rapid progress in study won the confidence and affection of his teachers and fellow-students. On account of prejudices against his race in this country he sought a home in Liberia. He now owns a splendid farm of one thousand acres, under high cultivation, well stocked with cattle and agricultural implements. He is extensively engaged in the making and exporting of sugar and molasses. This enterprising farmer is also among the foremost public men of Liberia, is Speaker of the House of Representatives, and held in high honor by both natives and emigrants. His name is the Hon. Augustus Woodbury, and his old New England friends will be pleased to learn of his success.

It has been asserted that there are in the city of New York at least 7000 persons who wear false eyes. There are several places where false eyes are manufactured. What is called the optic is made from a peculiar white enamel, which closely resembles the white of the human eye. This optic is held and turned in the flame until it becomes red-hot, the glass being almost in a state of fusion. At this point the iris is introduced into an opening in the end of the optic, being melted in from the end of a small stick of glass of the color of the eye which it is wished to imitate. If the eye is brown, brown glass is used; if blue, blue glass is used. The pupil of the eye is always made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood vessels seen in the white of the eye are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat. This eye, which is merely a thin glass shell, intended to cover the stump of a blind eye, can be made in less than an hour, and is at once ready to put in. After being dipped in water this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids. The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass so that it shall fit the stump exactly. The operation is not painful; but a false eye should be removed at night, and in a few years becomes so worn that a new one is required.

There is a prospect that Mrs. Bishop, the wife of an American banker at Honolulu, will become Queen of the Sandwich Islands. Kamehameha, the present King, is slowly dying from the effects of a debauched life. He has no heir. Mrs. Bishop is an accomplished lady, and the lineal representative of a powerful chief who was overthrown by the ancestor of the present royal house.

Here's a chance for a poor young man. It is currently reported that there is a certain young lady at Cape May who is said to have refused four offers of marriage, her excuse being that her admirers were all too rich.

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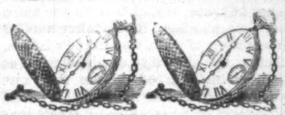

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